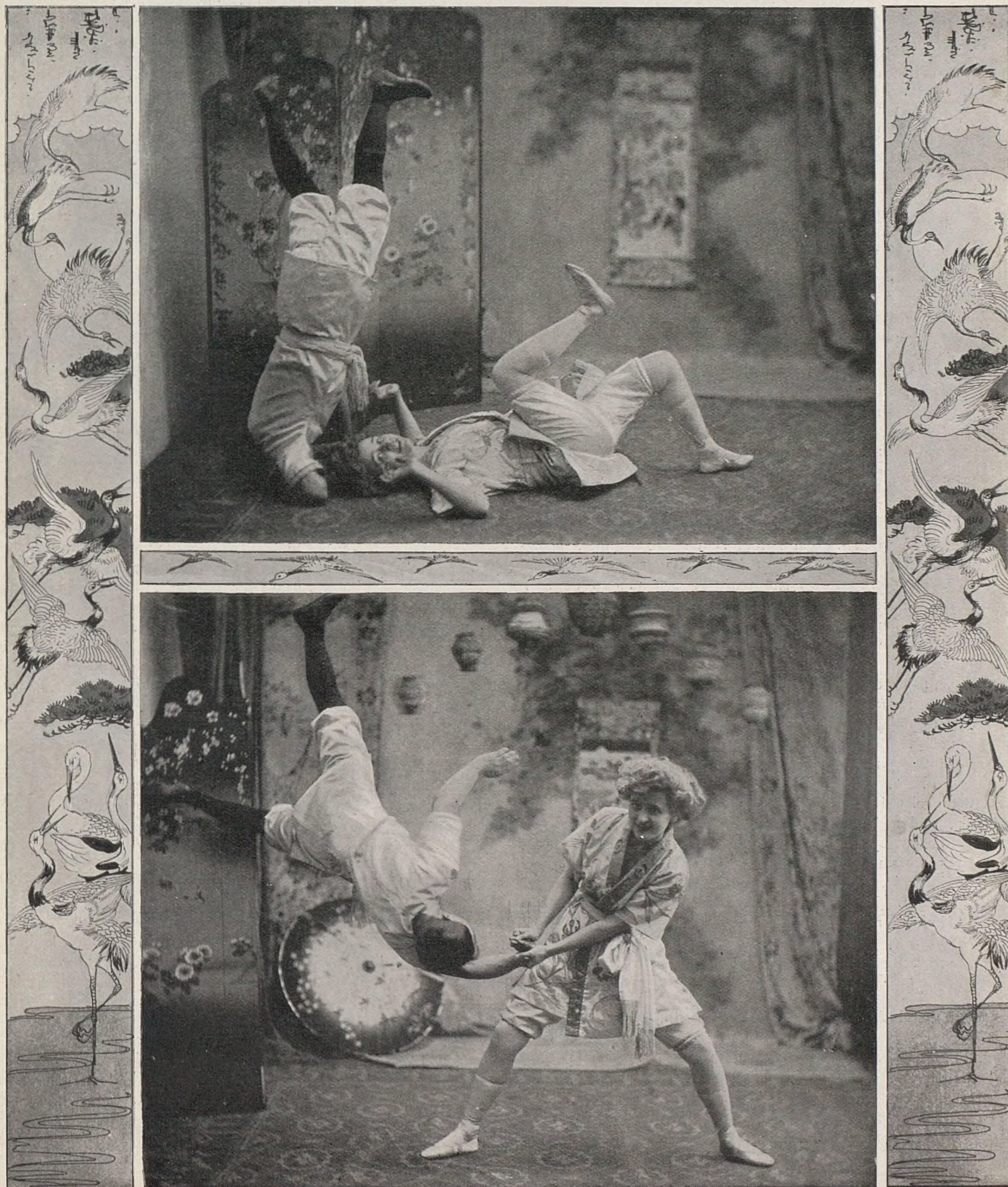


The Sketch

No. 739.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



"THE CHARM OF PARIS" AS A JU-JITSU WALTZER: Mlle. GABY DESLYS IN THE NEW DANCE
AT THE GAIETY.

The dance, as we note on our other page of illustrations of the subject, was first seen in Germany. Many ju-jitsu holds and throws are introduced into it. It need hardly be pointed out that it is a freak dance that is never likely to be seen anywhere but on the boards of the theatre or of the music-hall.

Photographs by Bassano.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



London.

Bun-Nightmare. One after another the pretty illusions of the sentimental nineteenth century are being dispelled by the practical Press of the twentieth. I learned, to my shame and mortification, one day last week that the baker does not really take a delight in making hot cross buns. What hypocrites bakers must be! Throughout the days of my childhood, the smiling face of the hot cross bun merchant was the one bright spot in Good Friday. I loathed salt fish; I dreaded the mournful services (there was no music, and the choir wore their cassocks without surplices); and I felt that two Sundays in one week was rank injustice. But the hot cross buns were a certain consolation. There used to be a friendly little competition in our house, and one splendid year, I remember, I broke the record. I ate twenty-two, and was so ill that I could not go to church. This seemed to me the fitting reward of valour. I lay on the sofa, my waistband relaxed, and smiled in an offensively superior way at my gloved and hatted brothers. . . . Well, well! And so the bakers hate the very name of hot cross buns, do they? (I make no allusion, you see, to hot, cross bakers.) All is vanity and perisheth! A certain baker, interviewed by my daily paper, declared that, once upon a time, a fellow-baker was so tired that he took a lump of bun-dough and, working in his sleep, made it into a loaf. I should have thought it easier to make a bun than a loaf. However. . . .

Views on Necks.

A woman's neck has always been a woman's neck—just that, and neither more nor less—and always will be as long as the world contains necked women. But herein is a strange thing: sometimes a woman must be ashamed of her neck in the daytime, and cover it up; at other times she must be ashamed to be seen abroad with a covered neck. Same neck, you know, and same woman, but a different code of manners. A year or two ago all the smartest people were displaying their necks in daylight as well as at night. Then somebody discovered that it was bad form, in the daytime, to have a neck at all. So they were promptly covered up, and have remained in hiding ever since. This caused great discomfort to many women, and secret annoyance to all those who had nice necks. But they were in the fashion; they were doing the correct thing in pretending to be neckless. And they were comforted. Now, I understand, the unwritten order has gone forth that necks shall be rediscovered. Anybody without a neck will be refused admission to the nicest tea-parties. Girls without necks will be cut by their necked friends, and will thereupon rush off to their dressmaker's and buy a neck. The dressmakers will laugh delightedly, and dance a secret little dance of triumph behind the door. It must be a fine thing to have the power of life and death over the necks of the world.

Magnificent Optimism.

I am told, by a very successful man, that the secret of success is optimism. There should be a fine future in store, therefore, for the writer in *Health Resort* who penned this astonishing statement: "As hustle and bustle increase on the one hand in certain districts, so do quietness, peace, and solitude on the other. More perfect, complete solitude and rest may be enjoyed in rural England to-day, even in many places surprisingly close to towns, than for many years before." This reminds me of a sweet little village about fourteen miles from Birmingham—would you call that surprisingly close?—which will have the privilege of entertaining on Good Friday and Easter Monday some five or six thousand "trippers." They will arrive in brakes, dog-carts, motor-cars, and on cycles. They will spend the whole day in the public-houses, and they will throw open the windows in order that the simple residents may have the opportunity of learning the pantomime

songs. In the evening they will grin like dogs—though not so intelligently—and return to the city whence they came. I have not much faith, I am afraid, in this "complete solitude and rest of rural England." There are more of us, nowadays; we are all on the move; and the island is really very small. Still, I would not rob the writer in *Health Resort* of his magnificent optimism.

Secret of Optimism.

Optimism, by the way, is merely a habit; and it is surely worth cultivating. The secret is this: Persuade yourself that misfortune, in whatever shape it may come, is going to do you a bit of good. For example, if you get up in the morning to find that it is raining, that the sky is leaden, that the earth is sopped, and that, in all probability, it will rain all day, don't sigh and say, "Good heavens! another beastly wet day! What a climate! I shall get wet through, and catch a bad cold, and be laid up for weeks!" That won't help you towards success. Clap your hands together, and rub them vigorously; smile broadly, dance a step or two, and then exclaim, in bright, animated tones: "Raining? Good! I shall have the roof of the 'bus to myself, and there won't be half such a crowd in the restaurant! And this will be a chance to try those water-tight boots that were so strongly recommended to me! Fol-de-ri-day! fol-de-ri-do! Ha! ha!" The worst that can happen is that somebody may seize you suddenly from behind and clap you into a strait-waistcoat. Should they do so, however, you may still be cheerful. You will have discovered a new and very thorough test for your optimism.

Fiends in Authority.

Everybody in London has been complaining, during the last few days, of sore eyes. These complaints afford intense amusement to the local governing bodies, who know very well that the sore eyes are due to dust, and that the dust is due to the lack of watering-carts. It gives these local officials a delicious sense of power to hear that many people are being medically treated for their eyes, that others have been thrown out of work, whilst those who can spare the time and the money have gone out of town. They stand round corners, nudge each other in the ribs, and turn blue in the effort to suppress their laughter. "We'll show 'em who's master!" they chuckle. "We'll teach the silly jugginses to elect us! Let 'em pray for rain, eh, Charlie? It'll soon be April. What? We'd best be off now, or we may get laid up ourselves, and then our deputies would be giving instructions for the watering-carts to go out! So long!"

A Soliloquy.

CELIA'S WATCH (*chattering to itself in quick, quiet ticks*): Hallo! Here's Alice with the early cup of tea. Not much more peace for me to-day. . . . Here I go! It's frightfully undignified being pinned to the lapel of a girl's coat, as if one were a mere ornament! One of these fine days, I expect, somebody will steal me, and then I shall get smashed up and put into a melting-pot. I know! That's what happened to my three predecessors, poor. . . . Phew! Why can't girls walk downstairs like ordinary mortals? She's given me—palpitations—of the—fly-wheel! No wonder she's always—grumbling that I keep bad hours! It's impossible for a chap to lead a steady life under such awful conditions. . . . Breakfast. That's a mercy! She'll be fairly still for half-an-hour or so, unless young Ralph comes down. . . . My worst fears realised! Here's Master Ralph, feeling particularly skittish. Now they'll chase each other round the table, and end up with a wrestle. Here we go! . . . She's lost me! I shook myself free, and now I'm under the table, not saying a word. She's accusing Ralph of wrenching me off. That's so like a girl. . . . She'll cry in a minute, unless. . . . No luck! I'm back in the old place again, after a good shake to make sure that I'm going! This sort of thing can't last. . . . I'm stopping! . . . I've sto. . . .

A SISTER-IN-LAW OF LORD KENSINGTON AS SINGER IN ORATORIO.



THE HON. MRS. CECIL EDWARDES, WHO HAS JUST MADE HER DÉBUT IN PARIS.

Mrs. Cecil Edwardes is a sister-in-law of Lord Kensington, and is a French Canadian. She is studying grand opera in Paris under Jean de Reszke, and has just made her début in oratorio.

THE JU-JITSU WALTZ COMES TO THE GAIETY.



MLLE. GABY DESLYS PERFORMING THE NEW DANCE IN "THE NEW ALADDIN."

it will be remembered that we published, a few weeks ago, illustrations of the new ju-jitsu waltz, which was then being given in Germany. The dance has now been brought to England, and is creating a good deal of interest.

Photographs by Bassano.

FLOATING SCULPTURE: A LIGHT-HEARTED EXPERIMENT.



WHY NOT TERRIFY THE NATIVES BY THE ADOPTION OF CURIOUSLY SHAPED BALLOONS?

The photograph of the remarkably shaped balloon shows the work of a woman balloon-maker, Mme. Lachambre. The general popularity of the balloon and the increasing favour in which it is held by explorers lead one to wonder whether its use by travellers will not be common in the near future. Such an arrival as that imagined above should make the lot of the explorer comparatively easy; he would be regarded as a god by superstitious natives, as was the gentleman in the diving-suit in, was it not? one of Mr. Wells' stories.

Photograph of the lion balloon by the Union Bureau of News; arrangement by "The Sketch."

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MR. TREE.

COMMENTS.

HENRI SOMM, who has just glided into another world, was one of the brightest representatives of the old Chat-Noir, the picturesque and "spirituel" cabaret of Montmartre, of five-and-twenty years ago. Those were the days when it was *chic* to climb the Sacred Butte and spend one's evenings in the company of *chansonniers* and poetasters. Alas! those days are no more; Montmartre is given over to the Englishman (thirty-seven and sixpence return) and the American from the Middle West. When Somm was put below ground there marched behind the body a little band of faithful who had known him in the earlier days. Some were distinguished Messieurs, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in their buttonholes, others were shabbily arrayed, with ancient hats upon their heads and boots that hardly kept out the wet. But the old memories proved the strongest link, and an Academician was presently in friendliest converse with a red-nosed and red-eyed old man, whose clothes were second-hand, and whose lodging was the cheap "doss." They had both graduated at the Chat Noir.

That London would have an early opportunity of seeing Mr. H. B. Irving in his father's parts in "The Bells," "The Lyons Mail," and "Charles I." was the wish of a great many of his admirers. That, however, is not to be, for Mr. Irving, accompanied by Mrs. Irving (Miss Dorothea Baird) and the members of his company, has undertaken a provincial tour. Of the three plays, as everyone knows, Sir Henry Irving felt the strain of "The Bells" most, with the result that it had to be taken out of his repertoire a short time before he died. The nervous strain and consequent fatigue he has experienced in playing it have made Mr. Irving realise more than anything else how great must have been the fund of vitality on which his father had to draw, even during the last few months of his life. His experience, however, is not the same, for though he finds Mathias a very trying part, it is not so trying for him as the dual characters Dubosc and Lesurques in "The Lyons Mail."

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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The Seven Deadly Sins. Frederick Rogers. 5s. net. | E. GRANT RICHARDS.
Seeing and Hearing. George W. E. Russell. 7s. 6d. net. |
| JOHN MURRAY.
The Tracer of Lost Persons. Robert W. Chambers. 6s. | "NEWS OF THE WORLD."
The Bowlers' Annual, 1907. W. G. Grace and W. Stonehewer. 1s. net. |
| HEINEMANN.
Real Soldiers of Fortune. Richard Harding Davis. 6s. | WARD, LCCCK, AND CO.
The Secret. E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. |
| ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.
Dramatic Opinions and Essays: With an Apology by Bernard Shaw. Two vols. 10s. 6d. net. | ELLIOT STOCK.
The Functions of Food in the Body. A. Rabagliati, M.A., M.D. |
| CASSELL.
The Quest of El Dorado. Wilmot Waring. 6s. | SMITH, ELDER.
The Ultramarines. "Colonel A." 6s. |
| Her Ladyship's Silence. Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. | OFFICE OF THE "MINING MANUAL."
The Mining Manual, 1907. Walter R. Skinner. 21s. |

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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THE

UTOPIA HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CARTHROP.

THE WEATHER.

I APPROACHED the man in a spirit of inquiry.

"So this," I said, "is the life of a civilised being?"

"You are right," he replied. "The marvel of civilisation has brought this to perfection."

"May I ask," I inquired, "the

exact idea or meaning of those garments laid out upon your bed?"

He lifted his stern, solemn face, and with a weary gesture indicated a stiff white object.

"That," he said sadly, "is my dress-shirt."

"You speak, Sir," said I, "as if it were almost mournfully sacred."

"Sir," said he to me, "your perception does you credit. It is the outward and visible symbol of a starched soul, an ironed intellect. It is a breast-plate of conventionality. And it is as inartistic as the mind of man can devise."

"Then why wear such a thing?" I answered, surprised by his melancholy tones.

"If I did not," he said, never raising the dull monotone of his voice, "I should be an outcast in the society civilisation has forced upon me. A soft shirt would proclaim me an individual, and individuals are not required. It might even be thought I was a poet, or some other person obnoxious to their creed."

Hesitating to refer again to a subject which seemed to sadden him, I pointed instead at a curious black garment with silk facings.

"My dress-coat," said he, noticing my indicating finger. "A relic, in cut, of a beautiful garment once worn by Beau Brummell; but then it was blue, had a rolled collar and brass buttons. Then it was the garment of gaiety, of light laughter, of great times."

"And now?"

"Now," said he, standing by his mirror, twisting his neck violently as he tied a wisp of white material round his collar, "now it marks a solemn occasion, when both diners and their servants dress alike, so that no note of colour may creep in to enliven the proceedings."

"But the ladies of your party will not wear black and white?" said I anxiously, for his face was becoming more and more sad.

"No," he replied, as he divided his hair mathematically and smoothed all character from it. "No; they will probably dress in colours, but their conversation will even gloze their colours with sobriety."

"Surely," said I, "the conversation will be interesting."

The faintest suspicion of a smile flickered at the corners of his lips. "It will be the same conversation as it was last night, delivered in the same tones, with the same gestures. We shall begin upon the weather."

"Now there is a hobby of mine!" I cried enthusiastically.

He glanced at me, curious to see one who had not lost his enthusiasm.

"The weather," I cried again, "is the finest topic of conversation in the world."

"To us," said he, "it is one of the few topics."

"Then tell me in what spirit you approach it," said I.

"I shall say," said he, "to the lady to whom I give my arm, 'A high wind this evening'; and she will reply, 'So my sister said.'"

"Is that all?" I called loudly. "Is that all? The trees in the Park opposite this window are rustling and shaking and whispering of the spring. The crocuses bow their purple and golden heads; the birds beat in the air against the gusty wind. There is a merry devilment abroad at every street corner where the wind swoops around and slaps the sides of houses. Listen, immaculate being, to the rattle of the window-frames; like the noise you hear when you sleep by the sea. Listen to the whistle of the merry wind down the chimney."

"Sir," he said calmly, "your interest is charming; but were I to make some such speech at the dinner-table, were I to introduce the personality of the wind, I should be thought mad or mocking."

"But there will be flowers on the table."

"They will pass unnoticed."

"Then will the sound and noise and hurry of the wind outside—"

"We shall be pent

in from sound," said he, "and immured in a false atmosphere."

"But this is death—it is worse than death," said I. "Does no one laugh, no one behave naturally?"

"We do not know Nature," he replied, "nor is our laughter tinged with any spirit of gaiety. We wear masks, and some may look gay, some look comfortable, but behind all —"

A Sphinx entered the room, a man clothed like his master, his face utterly without expression.

"The cab is at the door, Sir."

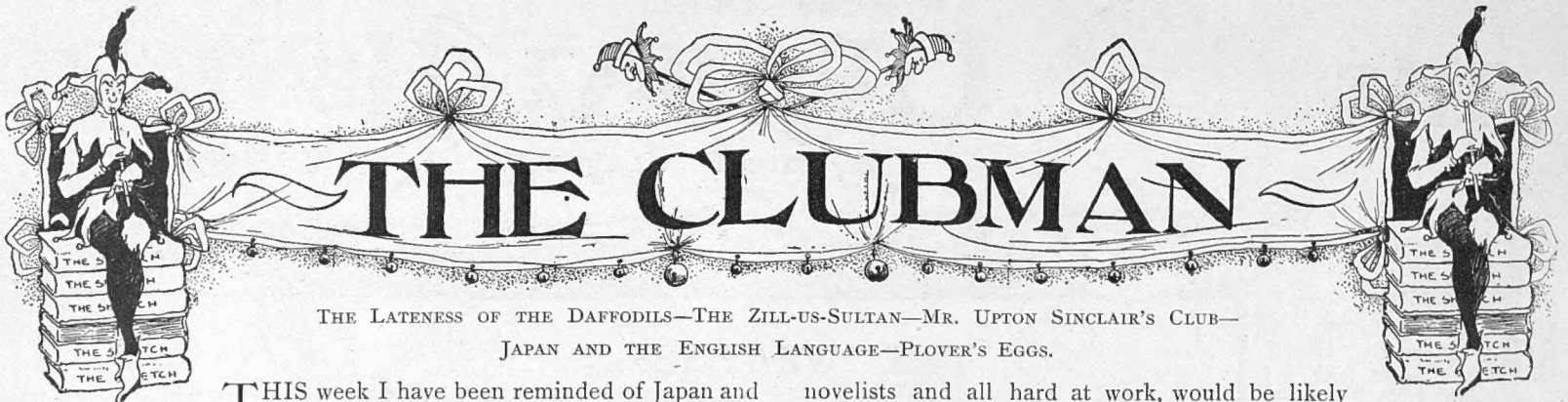
As I went out into the street, marvelling greatly, I saw a small child, her face rosy with the kiss of the wind, her eyes bright with expectation. I saw them place her in a carriage with her maid, and I heard her laugh from sheer joy and excitement. And even as the carriage drove away I seemed to see a ghostly figure bend over her and measure her, too, for a mask.



THE NEW DUTCH INVASION.

THE SHADE OF ADMIRAL V. TROMP: Ah, I thought it would come about some way or the other.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



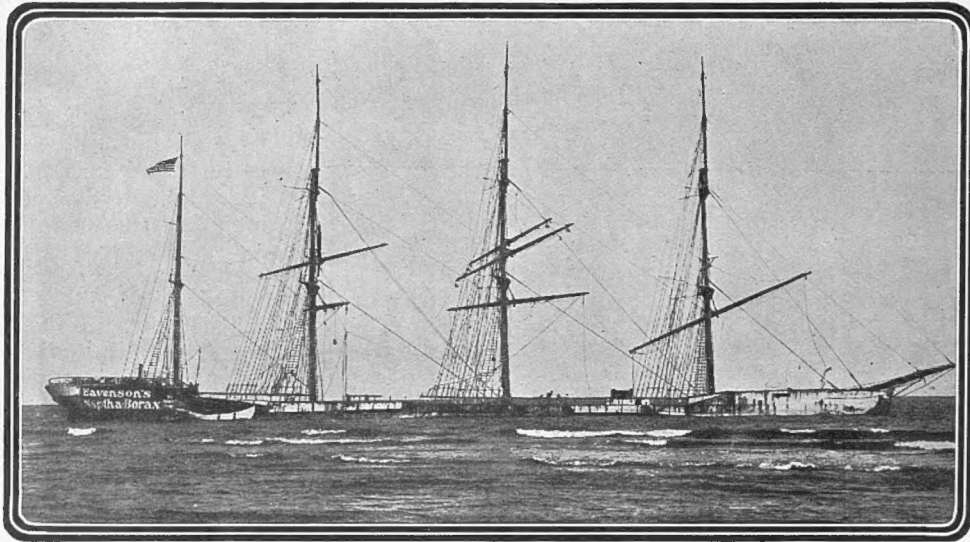
THE LATENESS OF THE DAFFODILS—THE ZILL-US-SULTAN—MR. UPTON SINCLAIR'S CLUB—
JAPAN AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—PLOVER'S EGGS.

THIS week I have been reminded of Japan and its pretty festivals by being asked to postpone a visit because the wild-flowers are so late to blossom this year. My hostess wishes me to see the fields all golden with the flowers of the daffodils, and they are a fortnight later than usual in coming

novelists and all hard at work, would be likely to be the most nerve-racked community in America, that continent of nerves. The arrangement by which all the members of this colony were compelled to take their meals together must have been very trying. Mr. Upton Sinclair has lost his house, though I trust it was insured, but he has gained enough experiences to make the basis of a new "Jungle" novel, and he has learned that a colony of literary folk is not necessarily the most peaceable community in the world.

Baron Kikuchi, a very distinguished Japanese, has lectured on the Japanese language of the future, and suggests that it should be English with all its irregularities cut out. I fancy that Baron Kikuchi will find his Waterloo in the English grammar if he persists in his project. The same spirit of insularity which seems certain always to make us prefer sea-sickness to the Channel Tunnel will, I am sure, repel all attacks on the ruggedness of our composite tongue. The only question on which Mr. Roosevelt has been hopelessly defeated is his attack on English spelling. If the most tenacious statesman of this age is not permitted to spell "new" in the simplified form of "nu," how can even the most cultivated lecturer of the Eastern sphere hope to iron out the strange mixture which Saxon ploughmen trying to grasp the lingua franca of the Norman knights brought into being? Our difficult narrow seas are a great guard to our land, but, next to the unquiet Channel, our difficult language is our greatest protection.

The time is at hand when a man walking over a grass meadow and finding four plover's eggs will be more rejoiced than he would be if he had found a piece of silver; but few men know how to tell whether the eggs should be left to become in due course baby plovers, or whether they may be carried back to the kitchen to be boiled. If the eggs lie in



A WRECK THAT HAS BEEN OVER FIVE YEARS AFLOAT: THE REMAINS OF THE SAILING-SHIP
"SINDIA," WHICH WENT ASHORE IN DECEMBER 1901.

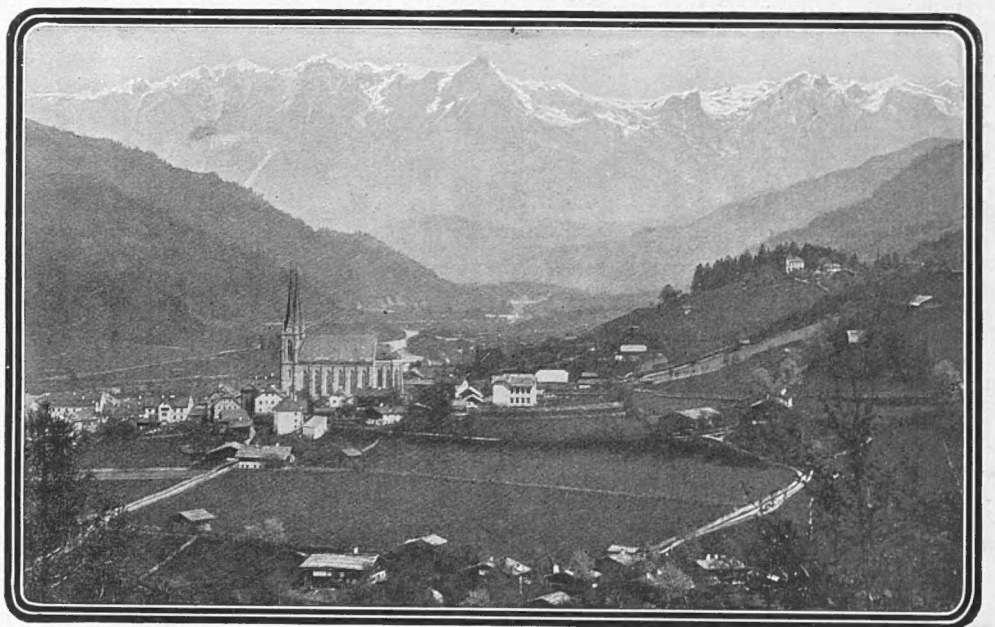
To be precise, the four-masted sailing-ship "Sindia," homeward bound from the East, went ashore at Ocean City on the night of December 15, 1901. Experts predicted that she would go to pieces in a week; yet she still survives. Every winter the waves and the wind worry her, beating her deeper into the sands; but they are unable, apparently, to make any impression on her solid sides. The Government found it necessary to establish a Customs office on the beach, and the cargo was brought ashore, appraised, taxed, and passed along to the markets. Then the ship was sold to a man who regarded her as a good medium for advertising purposes, and thousands of visitors came down to the beach to gaze at her during the summer season.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.

to perfection. The Japanese make some of their festivals correspond to the blossoming of trees and flowers, and were in England Japan, all its inhabitants would go to favoured spots at Easter and Whitsuntide to look at the fruit trees and the spring flowers. In Japan the plum-trees blossom at the end of January, and the rosy-cheeked children, so wrapped in warm clothes that they seem bundles, are taken to see the wonderful plum-trees, which resemble sleeping dragons. April brings the feast of the cherry-blossoms, May that of the wistaria; and the peony, the iris, the lotus, the chrysanthemum, the maple, each serves as the prettiest possible excuse for a holiday.

No doubt, we shall soon have the Zill-us-Sultan, the Governor of Ispahan, who has just resigned his post, as a visitor to England, for he has always, in Persia, been very partial to Englishmen and English customs. His children were educated by an English tutor, who afterwards wrote the most fascinating book I know on Persia. Had the Zill-us-Sultan lived in any other country than Persia, he would have made a great name for himself, but he came between the upper mill-stone of Russia and the nether one of Great Britain. He raised a well-disciplined army at one period of his forty years as Governor, but Russia compelled his brother, the late Shah, to order its disbandment.

The club, for such in essence it was, which Mr. Upton Sinclair, the author of "The Jungle," established at Englewood, New Jersey, which has been burned down, does not appear to have been managed successfully. A colony of authors and authoresses, most of them



A CHURCH THAT WAS MOVED FROM VENICE TO TYROL, AUSTRIA.

The church was built in Venice to the order of Prince Carlos Clary-Aldringen, and a year or two after its erection was taken to pieces, packed in thousands of numbered cases, and sent to St. Johann im Pongau. There it was built up again, and made over to the village as a gift from the Prince.

picturesque confusion, the mother plover has not yet commenced to sit; if they lie with their pointed ends together, it is more than probable that they are already uneatable.

A DUKE AS ENGINE-DRIVER.



THE DUKE OF SARAGOSSA DRIVING THE MADRID-SAN-SEBASTIAN EXPRESS.

The young Duke of Saragossa, an exceedingly wealthy Spanish grandee, has developed a passion for engine-driving, and has obtained an appointment on the regular staff of the Spanish Northern Railway. Twice a week he drives the express from Madrid to San Sebastian.

Photograph supplied by the Topical Press.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE RED LAMP"—"THE VAN DYCK"—THE FOLLIES.

MR. OUTRAM TRISTRAM'S play lives—curiously. Twenty years ago we went to see it for sake of the thrilling tale concerning the naughty Nihilists and their wicked plot, and the struggles of Princess Claudia to protect the Tsar and also save her misguided brother, one of the conspirators. To-day we see both Russia and melodrama with different eyes, and whilst, no doubt, the youthful still find the story one of palpitating interest, those who are old enough to remember the first night at the Comedy in 1887 take little heed of aught but Demetrius—the part is greater than the whole. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's study of a spy is as clever a piece of character-acting as any that I can recollect. There seems a complete realisation of the identity of another person of strongly marked individuality. Age is suggested by hundreds of touches; craftiness, vigilance, presence of mind, and the other necessary characteristics of the spy are all manifest, and most of all manifest when he has an air of simplicity for those whom he would beguile. It is from the last aspect that much of the pleasure comes: for one of our keenest joys in the theatre is to be a silent conspirator when an interesting character is deceiving the others. The non-recognition of this fact is one reason why "The Van Dyck" was less entertaining to first-nighters than it will be to their successors. We were mystified. We did not know what was the little game of Mr. John Peters' strange midnight guest; a suspicion came into my mind when he asked very carefully about the value of the violin, and the pictures, and piano, but it went out again when Mr. Tree pretended to be mad. The modern laws of the drama—and desire also, perhaps, to keep up the mystery—prevented him from taking the audience into his confidence by winks or nods, or letting us know that the burglar was pretending to be mad as part of an elaborate scheme—a needlessly elaborate scheme—to rob the mean little collector who loved beautiful things, but did not love them beautifully.

Certainly, "The Red Lamp" went very well; even the weakness of the last act did not prevent the majority of the house from being interested by the tale of plot and counter-plot in the great conspiracy against the Tsar, and the work, if a little out-of-date in style, has some excellent acting scenes, particularly those between Felise, brightly played by Miss Kate Cutler, and Demetrius. The rest of the cast is quite good enough. Miss Collier as the Princess, originally presented by Lady Monckton, gives an able performance, and there is excellent work by Messrs. Lyn Harding, Basil Gill, and Yorke Stephens.

Probably "The Van Dyck" has been shortened by now and is played more briskly. Regarded as a joke, it was a trifle ponderous—

a French farce had been made into a Teutonic comedy; but the remedy was easy, for the piece is very funny in parts. The Peters of Mr. Weedon Grossmith is a very clever, amusing picture of a contemptible creature whose fate was well deserved. His exhibitions of vanity, delight in his smartness, and fear, were very fine. In Mr. Tree as the burglar we saw rather the materials for a striking character-picture than the complete performance, and his nervousness caused an excess of physical "funniment." On the other hand, in many aspects his work is richly comic, and he well deserved the hearty laughter caused by his humorous display of impudence and familiarity, his suavity in his talk about art, and some brilliant touches in his Ancient Mariner story concerning Clothilde and Dorothy, and the tragic murder of the inquisitive doctor. It has been urged that he should have been more violent and melodramatic; but when the piece is kept within reasonable bounds it will be far funnier if played on its present

lines than treated more broadly. Nor could Mr. Tree have handled it in a different style without necessitating a change in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's method, and any such change would be unfortunate, for his Mr. Peters is perfect.

Apparently, success will justify the venture of The Follies in taking the Royalty Theatre and presenting an entertainment that has enjoyed popularity elsewhere. The first and last items of the long programme—the miscellaneous collection of songs, mock recitations, dances, and the like (including a clever parody of Miss Liza Lehmann's song cycle, "A Daisy Chain"), and the burlesque of a music-hall entertainment—are matters hardly within my province, and this, perhaps, explains why I think them the most enjoyable parts of the programme. "Baffles," the burlesque on "Peter Pan" and "Raffles," seems a little bit clumsy; the authors, Messrs. Pelissier, Wimperis, and Davenport, have had too much material at their command, and used too little. There are clever bits and outrageous puns and droll scenes; yet the effect is very superficial. The obvious has been burlesqued in an obvious fashion. Perhaps this was wise; certainly the audience was much amused by Mr. Pelissier as Baffles, the music pirate, and his disguises, and will laugh still more heartily when his memory behaves better. Mr. Lewis Sydney was amusing: he or Mr. Dan Everard caught Mr. Boucicault's voice very drolly, and

Miss Gwennie Mars sang brightly a song concerning the Suffragettes, who are not popular in theatredom. The verses in the burlesque are quite ingenious, and contain a number of 'cute tricks with words. The entertainment as a whole is really very good—there might well be some weeding out—and I suspect the audience would be patient if there were more entr'actes; but the affair certainly gave, and will give, a great deal of pleasure.



Mlle. Gabrielle Norma.



Mlle. Carmen Sylva.

PROFESSOR SARAH BERNHARDT'S
FIRST LADY PUPILS.



Mlle. Germaine Resly.



Mlle. Camille du Moulin.

Professor Sarah Bernhardt's first class at the Conservatoire was made up of five ladies and five gentlemen. The names of the former are Mlles. Carmen Sylva, Gabrielle Norma, Germaine Resly, Camille du Moulin, and Chanove; of the latter, MM. Félix Gandera, Charles Friant, Georges Le Roy, Auguste Schang, and Gabriel de Gravone. The career of the fortunate ten will be followed with interest.

THE MATINÉE HAT IN AFRICA.



"PARISIAN" FASHIONS IN THE AFRICAN WILDS.

The tall headdress denotes that the women are married; the turban, that the women are unmarried.

Photograph by Reinhold Thiele.

SMALL
TALK

THE ENGAGEMENT OF A GREAT-NIECE OF SHELLEY: MISS NORA K. SHELLEY, WHO IS TO MARRY LIEUTENANT FAUSTA LEBE.

Photograph by Stéphanie Maud.

Inchiquin's daughter, and that of Mr. Labouchere's daughter to the son of the Marquis di Rudini. Moreover, the Earldom of Newburgh has become entirely Italian.

Tea and Vaccination.

"Tous Vaccinés" will certainly be the title of the next *revue* in Paris. There never were such times for the vaccinator, and all because two people happened to be fatally attacked with smallpox. Crowds besiege the fashionable doctor, and still bigger crowds the free vaccination halls. To be "Jennerised" has become the new social occupation. Bridge, or even lectures of a highly moral turn, are at a discount as an afternoon's amusement. The invitation-cards which formerly bore, "*Thé et Bridge*" now say, "*Thé et un Peu de Vaccin.*" If you do not believe it, ask the wounded arms of numerous fair Parisians. In general, however, the *dame du monde* says to her pet doctor, "Vaccinate me where it does not show." It is disagreeable to have your season spoiled because your arm is not fit to be seen, and décolleté is impossible. Vaccination as a new game is painful, but interesting. Meanwhile, Paris is quite cheerful. That is a little way it has. The papers were never so comic as in the year of cholera, the fatal 1832.

Mrs. Asquith.

Everyone is glad to hear that the brilliant wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is rapidly recovering from her serious illness. As Miss Margot Tennant, Mrs. Asquith occupied a remarkable position in the most amusing and cultivated society of the end of the last century. She and her sisters — now Lady Ribblesdale and Mrs. Graham Smith — were the life and soul of The Glen, the beautiful seat of their father, the late Sir Charles Tennant. Miss Margot was a great favourite with the late Mr. Gladstone, who used to correspond with her, and her marriage to the brilliant Liberal statesman drew together a most distinguished congregation of all sections of political opinion. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith have a "pigeon pair" of children — Miss Elizabeth, aged ten, and Master Anthony, aged five.



THE WIFE OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: MRS. ASQUITH AND HER DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Haines.

A Scottish Marriage.

The engagement of the Hon. Dudley Gladstone Gordon, the second son of the Viceroy of Ireland and Lady Aberdeen, to Miss Cécile Drummond has naturally aroused much interest in Society, especially in the Scottish section thereof. It is understood that the marriage will take place before the end of April. Mr. Gordon, who is a godson of the late Mr. Gladstone, was educated partly in Canada and partly in Scotland, and, with his younger brother, Mr. Archie Gordon, he went through a regular course of shipbuilding as an ordinary apprentice. Everyone agrees that he is a very fine fellow, and as he is fond of dancing he is naturally extra popular with London hostesses. Miss Drummond's father is one of the partners in Drummond's Bank. Drummond, Lord Perth's half-brother; and they will, it is hoped, be home from India just in time for the wedding.



MISS CÉCILE DRUMMOND, WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE HON. DUDLEY GLADSTONE GORDON, SON OF LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE WIFE OF A POPULAR THEATRICAL MANAGER: MRS. FRANK CURZON AND HER BABY.

Photograph by Bassano.

testify to Mrs. Curzon's passionate love of flowers; and the house itself, in its exquisitely decorative simplicity, reveals the cultivated taste of its mistress.

Ideally Drunk.

"What do you consider ideal evidence of a man being drunk?" the Dean of Arches has been asking in a case before him. The question is one which has troubled many constables, magistrates, and police doctors — to say nothing of the men in respect of whom the question arises. An ex-member of Parliament cited the performance of a Northampton gentleman who, going home in the rain, put his umbrella to bed and stuck himself up in the umbrella-stand, as affording the clearest known proof on the point. Another authority holds that a man has not reached the indictable condition so long as he can lie on the floor without holding on. The man who asked the constable, "Ish thish Piccadilly or Tueshday?" was arrested on suspicion, a fate as hard as that of the gentleman whom P.C. Walker recently heard in the Holloway Road piteously crying, "Come home, my dear." The shocked and startled officer found the affectionate toper hugging a pillar-box.

Mrs. Frank Curzon.

Mrs. Frank Curzon, the wife of the energetic and enterprising theatrical manager, will be remembered by many playgoers under her maiden name of Miss Carrie Cronyn as a clever and vivacious comédienne. Now she is the not less charming châteline of Little Gillions, a picturesquely irregular red-brick house in one of the most delightful nooks of Hertfordshire. Mrs. Curzon shares her husband's love of hunting, and they are really keen riders to hounds. The gardens at Little Gillions also

WONDERFUL COSTUMES IN OUR WONDERFUL WORLD



THE REMARKABLE HEADDRESS OF THE OAXACA BELLE.

Oaxaca is remarkable among the States of Mexico for the manner in which its women have retained their liking for the type of costume beloved of their ancestors. Especially curious is the headdress of the girls engaged in the cochineal trade.



AN EXTRAORDINARY COSTUME SEEN AT MERAN, SOUTH TYROL.

Our photograph shows a man of Meran, South Tyrol, in gala-dress. Such costume is, of course, seldom seen now, save on occasional gala-days, religious or otherwise. The variety of peasant costume to be found in Tyrol is quite remarkable.



"BIRD'S-NEST" HATS WORN BY PEASANTS OF THE BLACK FOREST.

The hats, which are very popular, were much in evidence recently at a costume festival at Baden-Baden. The German name for the hat is "Schapbach."



PRIESTS WHO HAVE SWORN NEVER TO DO THEIR HAIR.

The lamas belong to the Talong Monastery, Sikkim. They are celibates, and all are sworn never to undo their headdresses, even for hairdressing purposes.



WIFE AND ASSISTANT OF THE ONLY ROYAL OCULIST: THE DUCHESS CARL OF BAVARIA.

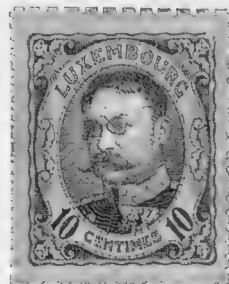
ing medicine, and he is the only royal medico in Europe. His Highness was the favourite brother of two Queens—the late Empress of Austria and the Queen of the two Sicilies, and he is the father of two future Queens, for the heirs-presumptive of Belgium and Bavaria both married into the royal doctor's family. Duke Carl Theodore is a most devoted father; he brought up his four daughters to help him in his work, and when they were girls—they are all married now—all four used to help him in the private hospital to which he devotes so much of his time, and to which the poor afflicted with threatened blindness flock from all over Germany, for the Duke is a most skilful and successful oculist. Only a short time ago, he completed his five-thousandth operation for cataract. Fond of travel, he spends his holidays in visiting those foreign capitals noted for their medical schools and hospitals, and it was while in Paris with his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, that the latter was wooed and won by Prince Albert of Flanders, who is a most devoted husband. The Duke's other daughter who is a future Queen, Princess Ruprecht of Bavaria, lives close to her parents in Munich, but it is whispered that she has not so happy a life as her elder sister.

The Prince's Privy Seal.

Lord Mount Edgumbe, who has just been appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal of the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall, is a typical *grand seigneur*, who is yet hale, though past his three-score years and ten. He is famous for his fine, old-world courtesy and gracious manners, and in the Delectable Duchy he rules like

CROWNS: CORONETS: & COURTIER:

DUKE Carl Theodore of Bavaria has had a more curious and romantic life than that falling to the lot of most German Princes. He was his father's second son, but his eldest brother resigned his rights on making a morganatic marriage. The Duke himself was so far unconventional that he insisted on study-



THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF PINCE-NEZ ON A POSTAGE STAMP: A STAMP BEARING THE HEAD OF THE GRAND DUKE OF LUXEMBURG.

announced King Edward's accession to the King of Italy and the Queen of Holland. Last year Lord Mount Edgumbe married his cousin, Caroline, Lady Ravensworth, a most charming and picturesque old lady, after a widowhood of more than thirty years. His first wife was a sister of the present Duke of Abercorn.

The Prince's Councillor.

The vacancy on the Duke of Cornwall's Council caused by Lord Mount Edgumbe's promotion has been filled by the appointment of Lord Revelstoke, who is less than two years older than the Prince. He represents a junior branch of the great house of Baring, of which Lord Cromer may be considered the head, and has already done much to restore his family fortunes, so seriously crippled by the famous Baring crisis. Tall and good-looking, he steered the Eton eight one year and stroked it the next, and at Cambridge, where he was made Master of the Drag, he became an intimate friend of the late Duke of Clarence. The gossips even saw in him a suitor for the hand of Princess Victoria, but he remains a bachelor. A Governor of the Bank of England and a partner in Baring's, he has a fine house in Carlton House Terrace. Lord Revelstoke has a great taste for music, playing both the organ and the piano, and his favourite book is—Bradshaw! His friends declare that he knows where every important express train ought to be at any given hour of the day or night. He is very like his sisters, Lady Kenmare, Lady Reid (who as Miss Susan Baring was a favourite maid-of-honour to Queen Victoria), and poor Lady Althorp, who died last year.



AN EMPRESS WHO IS TO SEEK THE RELIGIOUS LIFE? THE EMPRESS TAITOU OF ABYSSINIA.

It is said that the Empress Taitou, who went on a pilgrimage to a shrine a week or two ago, has refused to return to Court, declaring that she wishes to retire from the throne and devote her life to religion.

a little king. He holds the ancient offices of Lord Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of Cornwall, and the modern one of Chairman of the County Council. Lord of Mount Edgumbe, near Plymouth (the stately domain which the Duke of Medina Sidonia marked for his own when the Spanish Armada interrupted Drake's game of bowls on the Hoe), as well as of Cotehele, up the Tamar, this fine old English gentleman has long been admitted to the most intimate royal circle. As Lord Valletort he was specially chosen to be companion to the King, then Prince of Wales; and he served the late Queen as Lord Chamberlain, and again as Lord Steward. As Special Ambassador, he

still a matter of too much hat, sex. Mlle. Bréal, one of the most charming artistes of the Opéra, has fallen out with her director, M. Pedro Gailhard. When they meet in the corridors of the National Conservatoire, Mlle. Bréal gets her best smile ready, but Monsieur P. G. passes on, with his hat firm on his head, as if he had never seen the lady at all. Such a lack of attention is insupportable, says the delicious lyric actress, in the ear of the sympathetic evening reporter, and so she has resolved to go. No doubt this is not her only reason, but the quarrel is accentuated and perpetuated by this lack of a *coup de chapeau*. It is not allowed to managers to imitate Nelson and turn a blind eye on the signal.

Too Much Hat.

We have heard so much about the theatre hat, about the monster coiffure which prevents the rows behind from seeing the stage, that there is a positive relief when the question takes a new turn. The novelty comes from Paris—the place of all good novelties. It is



ROYAL ASSISTANT TO THE ONLY ROYAL OCULIST: PRINCESS RUPRECHT OF BAVARIA.



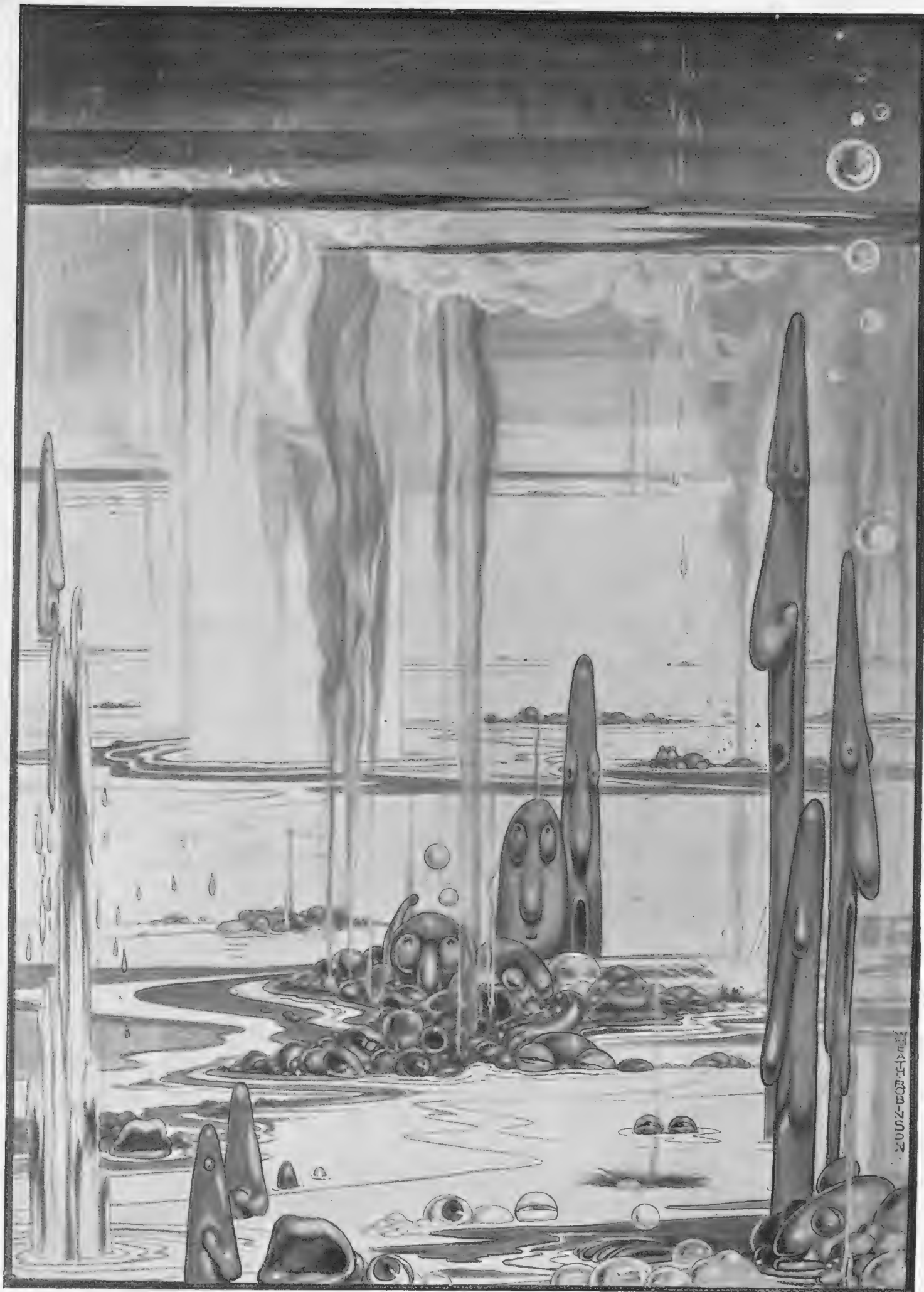
ROYAL ASSISTANT TO THE ONLY ROYAL OCULIST: PRINCESS ALBERT OF FLANDERS.

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"THE SKETCH" THEORY OF THE DESCENT OF MAN.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



STAGE I.—THE BUBBULOZON.

The earliest forms of life evolving from the protoplasmic slime on the slowly cooling crust of the earth.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IN reopening the Lyceum on Saturday next the Popular Play-houses, Limited, whose managing directors are Mr. Henry R. Smith and Mr. Ernest Carpenter, have determined that nothing seen on the stage shall be out of sympathy with the old prestige or the old traditions of the Lyceum. The best type of drama, produced in the best possible way, is to be their policy. They believe that there is a great public for the style of play they will present, but they do not believe that the proper charge for stalls for it is half-a-guinea. For this reason they will be five shillings, and the prices will descend to sixpence for the gallery.

The opening production, "Her Love Against the World," by Mr. Walter Howard, is a romantic drama of the "Prisoner of Zenda" type, and was produced in Manchester last September. The favour with which it was received then accounts for its selection for the inauguration of the new enterprise.

Mr. Ernest Carpenter has had twenty-five years' experience in the provinces both as an actor and manager, has played many parts, has run many companies, and has produced many dramas in various theatres. Before he got to leading business he appeared in "dude" parts. One night he was acting such a part in "The Broad Arrow" at Basingstoke. The number of the stage hands was exceedingly limited, and as one of the sensations of the play consisted in the appearance of a train, it was necessary for some of the members of the company to supply the motive-power for its propulsion across the stage. There were three carriages. The first was manipulated by the stage carpenter, the second by Mr. Carpenter, and the third by the leading old man in the play. Unfortunately, as is occasionally the case even with trains off the stage, something happened to make the three carriages topple over. Down they went, revealing to the audience the stage carpenter in working clothes without his coat, Mr. Carpenter immaculately dressed as the "dude," and the old man with his white wig and whiskers. The audience rocked with laughter, and the curtain had to be lowered. Such a contretemps will be impossible at the Lyceum, for the reason that there will be no scarcity of stage hands.

Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, who has made so considerable a success in "John Gladye's Honour," has had to learn the hard lesson that an actor must make many "hits" before he gets success. He made many noteworthy appearances with the Elizabethan Stage Society—notably as Face in "The Alchemist," the Witch in "The Sad Shepherd," and in "Don Juan"; with Mr. Ben Greet in Edna Lyall's play, "In Spite of All," at the Comedy, and more recently with the somewhat ill-fated Mermaid Society as Puff in "The Critic," Truemit in "The Silent Woman," and the Apprentice in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." Comparatively recently he played the title-part in "Mollentrave on Women" with Miss Madge Mackintosh on tour, while his engagements not very long ago in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and "The Doctor's Dilemma," at the Court, will be within the memory of all playgoers.

Mr. Sherbrooke was educated at the Jews' College, and he matriculated at the University of London, of which he is a B.A. Like Mr. Herbert Waring, he began life as a schoolmaster, but gave it up in order to go on the stage. His first professional engagement was obtained nine years ago through an introduction from Mr. Zangwill to Mr. Frank Lindo, with whom he acted three parts every night in "The Sledgehammer." He also played in one of Mr. Tree's provincial companies, with Mr. Laurence Irving in "Lovelace," and he was for two years and a half with Mr. Martin Harvey, with whom he acted the Public Prosecutor in "The Only Way."

In view of the pleasant relations which exist between Mr. Joseph Coyne, the popular comedian in "Nelly Neil," and his manager, Mr. Charles Frohman, it is amusing to hear the actor relate the fact that though it was his ambition to get into one of Mr. Charles Frohman's companies, his fear of Mr. Charles Frohman himself once prevented him from doing so. It was some few years ago, when Mr. Frohman was going to revive "Jane" in America. Mr. Coyne had a journalistic friend who was leaving the newspaper world to become business manager of the company. He asked this friend, Mr. Dillingham, who was going to play a certain part. "It isn't arranged yet, but I think I can get it for you," was the reply. That evening he told the actor to call next morning at eleven o'clock to see Mr. Frohman on the subject. Mr. Coyne went to Mr. Frohman's office, where he found several people waiting to see the manager. As he waited, he got more and more nervous at the thought of meeting the man who was then fast gaining the reputation of being the greatest manager in America. Just before Mr. Coyne's turn came, his last remaining fragment of courage vanished, and he bolted from the room. When he met Mr. Dillingham that night, and was asked why he had not been after the engagement, he calmly declared that the office-boy had told him Mr. Frohman was not in, and he stuck to the story, in spite of his friend's assurance that Mr. Frohman had been expecting him. He was therefore instructed to call the next day. The next day he went, and the same thing happened. It happened regularly for several days in succession, and every day Mr. Frohman asked Mr. Dillingham where that young man Coyne was. So far as Mr. Coyne went, Mr. Frohman was always out. The upshot was that someone else was engaged for the part Mr. Coyne was so anxious to play. Years went by, and it was not until "The Girl from Up There" was produced at the Duke of York's that the actor and manager came together again. Even then, on the night of the dress-rehearsal, Mr. Coyne was so nervous when he heard that Mr. Frohman was to be present that he became quite ill, and could not attend. Again they did not meet until after the production of "Nelly Neil," when some kindly remarks of Mr. Frohman's put Mr. Coyne completely at his ease. Before that happened the presence of Mr. Frohman in the auditorium of the Aldwych Theatre or on the stage was quite sufficient more than to half-paralyse the actor's efforts.



"DAPHNE BELL" AND THE GRAMOPHONE: MISS BARBARA DEANE, WHO IS PLAYING IN "MY DARLING."

Miss Barbara Deane's rich, well-trained voice is heard to great advantage in "My Darling," in which she plays Daphne Bell.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

WITHIN THE MEANING OF THE ACT?



BRIBERY!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS is to be assistant editor of the *Academy*, and Sir Edward Tennant has put into it a tidy sum of money. This is true, all newspaper contradictions notwithstanding.

Mr. Walter Sichel, whose industry is unfailing, is now at work on a *Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, a most promising subject, and one that is secure of judicious treatment by his pen. The portrait of Sheridan's wife by Gainsborough will be an adornment to the volume, and one would like to see pictures of his daughters, the ill-mated "Diana," Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Blackwood (the mother of Lord Dufferin), and that very delightful creature, the Duchess of Somerset. It was at Mrs. Blackwood's house that Disraeli, when a young man, met the three sisters, and heard from the lips of his hostess the delightfully naïve confession. "You see, Georgie's the beauty, Carrie's the wit, and I ought to be the good one but, then, I am not."

It was at a party given by the Bulvers that Disraeli met Mrs. Norton for the first time. But she was not the only literary lady present. There was also Mrs. Gore, "a blue-stocking who looked like a full-blown rose"; and that unlucky lady, Letitia Elizabeth Landon. In view of her early and rather mysterious death, there is something a little jarring in the sentence which Disraeli wrote about her to his sister after that meeting: "I avoided L. E. L., who looked the very personification of Brompton—pink satin dress and white satin shoes, red cheeks, snub nose, and her hair *à la* Sappho." But L. E. L. was not at a party given at about that time by Lady Cork, who may have heard of Disraeli's slight aversion, for she whispered to him as he made his bow, "All my best people—no blues." Wily Lady Cork!

E. Grant Richards promises another contribution to a very desirable class of books—"The Pocket-Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air." This is "The Open Road" for anthologists, though Mr. E. V. Lucas, the pioneer, has raised a finger of deprecation upon his unchartered followers.

One of the bearers of the name of Swinburne is about to publish a Swinburne family history. The uncovenanted existence of a poet in the midst of a race of Northumberland squires, with no greater accent otherwise than an odd Admiral or a man of science, is not the scheme's only justification. The Swinburnes, like many other North-country families, offer a microcosm of the life of the county, and even the country. The family has had its great fluctuations, successes and reverses. It was a stubborn race, and remained Catholic much longer than most of its neighbours. When it did

change, it changed with a heavy swing. The poet's grandfather, who lived in Paris, became something of a disciple of Voltaire. But the lady of the family who married a Bowden has given a little cohort of converts back to Rome, including four priests of the London Oratory. It is understood that they have never read their cousin's poems, though this is hardly likely to be the case with Father Sebastian Bowden, who before he entered the Church was an officer in the Blues.

"Alice in Wonderland" becomes an emancipated young lady in November—she ceases to be copyright. For forty-two years she has delighted the world and the Messrs. Macmillan. And the Messrs. Macmillan need not look on November as altogether the ending of their close time; for Tenniel's illustrations are still theirs, and it is difficult, even in the case of a much-emancipated lady, to think of a divorce between text and pictures that seemed to be so particularly happily mated.

Politics and publishing used to be rather closely connected; but John Murray would not now refuse to publish even the political memoirs of "C.-B."—a book that will, I hope, some day be forthcoming. But nobody will be so churlish as to grudge to Mr. Fisher Unwin the agency for the sale of the official publications of the Government of India. I hope that there is a little meat on the bone thus ceded by Cobden's son-in-law to Cobden's biographer; for the stalwart Liberalism of Mr. Fisher Unwin cannot have always been to his advantage as a publisher.

A correspondent has been solacing himself for the grotesque injury done to Wordsworth by a certain passage of criticism quoted in these columns. He has discovered, in a catalogue of autograph letters, the most stinging words that the Lake Poet ever

penned, and he will have it that they were addressed to some member of the family—a favourite son, for preference—of the slashing critic. Thus they run: "It is lucky for your publishers that the buyers of books have, for the most part, as little sense as the reviewers of them."

Everybody who read "Wistons" will be delighted to hear that Mrs. Sickert has another novel in preparation.

The literary loungeer into Hodgson's last week had a whole group of literary ghosts about him. In his hand he could hold Ben Jonson's copy of Lucian, at his elbow was a book belonging to Thomas Hobbes, and another that was John Locke's. A sketch-book that had swelled Thackeray's pocket in Paris, in 1835, while he was perversely trying to paint like Watteau, was the least canny of all the sale-room's bygone associations.

M. E.



THE DEALER: What's that you say? That stamp dear at five pounds? My good Sir, it's positively worth its weight in gold. There are only two more like it in my shop.

HON. PERCY GREEN: Haw, weally! Worth its weight in gold? Let me have the three.

DRAWN BY W. PRIOR.

CHECKMATE.



THE YOUNG MAN (*defiantly*): I proposed to your daughter this morning, Sir,
and she said she couldn't hear my suit.

THE STERN PARENT: Is it possible? You surprise me!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

OUTSIDE HER WEDDING-RING.

BY DOLF WYLLARDE.



By Fate's mis-
chance, an
evil thing
Befell Arch-
duchess
Anne—
She looked out-
side her wed-
ding-ring
Upon a single
man.

"DO you expect me to lie?" said the man.
"If you have a spark of manhood in you—yes!" said the woman. "Lie, and lie, and lie again! It is all I have to trust to now."

She turned away fiercely, and stood with her back to him, her splendid shoulders and the poise of her head winning an irritated admiration from him, even at the present crisis. She was a tall woman, largely formed, and with something generous in the very curves of her face and figure; but her companion was taller still. As he stood behind her his handsome curly head shot up clear of hers, which could have rested easily against his shoulder, and his six feet of bone and muscle proclaimed itself at first glance.

"I suppose there is no doubt that you were seen?" she said, flinging the words over her shoulder with a restless movement of pain.

"No," he answered sullenly, "I don't think there is a doubt of it. Why I was so damned unlucky as to leave you just then I don't know. Any other minute would have been all right. You know there was a full moon, and I had just swung myself over the balcony and was getting my foothold on the creeper—"

"I know," she interrupted hastily. "I know both the ways and the means by heart. There is no need to go into them, thank you!"

"Well, I was only telling you. I reached the ground just as he came down the lane. Why on earth does he go home by your private road?" He glanced out of the window over her shoulder as he spoke, down the garden ways, where the African sunshine danced among the pampas grasses and the silver trees, to the treacherous little lane of which he spoke. It was a private right of way, running along the bottom of the garden and close up one side of the house, and looked no more than a cart-track of red soil, after the fashion of roads in the suburbs of Cape Town.

Her eyes followed his across the garden. "It is his shortest way," she said. "Many people use it in the day, but so few at night I thought we were safe. You are sure that it was Burney?"

"I feel positive. If it had been anyone else it wouldn't have mattered. They would only have thought—well, I don't know what they would have thought; but they would probably have shut their eyes and said the night was deceptive. Wynberg is careless in such matters on the whole; but Burney is such a confoundedly suspicious chap."

"And he talks!" She threw her head up wearily and drew her breath in between her teeth. "Well, it cannot be helped—there is no use in crying over spilt milk. And we both knew we were on the edge of a precipice when we began this—madness."

His face cleared. He was infinitely relieved that she took it this way; after all, there might be no smash up, or the story might never reach her husband's ears, though he knew it would go the round of the neighbourhood. His lips relaxed, and he almost smiled, the usual carelessness of his expression returning after his brief gravity.

"By Jove though, Kittie, I can't help laughing when I think what a fool I must have looked coming out of your window and over the balcony like that! Romeo in evening dress is a bit cheap, eh?"

"That is enough," she said, swinging round with a sudden savage movement which amazed him. "Don't joke about it—a

woman who has forfeited her reputation is in no mood to be laughed at. Go away—I want to think it out."

He hesitated a moment, pulling at his big tawny moustache, and regarding her with a real puzzle in his eyes. Women were such queer concerns, he thought—awfully sensible when you could hardly have hoped it, and then off at a tangent when there was no cause. "I shall see you at the races this afternoon?" he said as he was leaving the room.

"Oh, yes—I shall go. It will probably be my last appearance in civilised society before I am cast out from the respectable. I wonder how soon it will come, and people will begin to cut me!" She gripped her hands together, and spoke under her breath as she watched him go; at the door he turned and nodded to her cheerily. She was filled with a wonder which had beset her before that she should have risked so much for him, and given so much—for what? For a handsome curly head and a gay, lovable manner that had approved itself to her—for six feet of masculine strength and beauty that she had coveted to call her own in place of her lawful husband—was it this that she had craved for, or were there really better points in him that she had cared so much? It was an elusive thing, whether she tried to find the attraction in some tone of his voice calling her sweet names—some tender touch of his that was gentler than other men's—some trifle, like the deep cleft in his chin which she had told him was a ridiculous dimple for a man: one and all, they had made Curly's attraction to her, and hurried her along a path of disaster ending in discovery.

There was no doubt but that it would all be known now; her husband would know—her friends, the social circle that made her world, and which was her life. It was despair to think of foregoing it all, and yet she knew that in a very few hours the neighbourhood would be ringing with her story, and she would be slowly, cruelly ostracised. There is a law in Wynberg which says that so long as things are not absolutely proclaimed they shall be passed and glozed over, however open the secret may be. But once accused, a woman shall stand or fall on her dishonour. And such things are common. Kittie knew that in this case she had to bear the consequences of an old grudge. The man named Burney had long looked for a handle against her. She would not be spared.

All day she went about the house like one who takes a long farewell. It was a pretty place, built for summer weather, like all South African houses, and rich with roses and moonflowers and oleanders crowding thickly round the stoep, and thrusting scented heads in at the drawing-room windows. The creepers were climbing up her balcony and made her bedroom a bower—it was their luxuriance which had made them a ladder for Curly's trespassing foot. How often she had heard the leaves shake and rustle before the light step on the balcony for which she held her breath, and then his tall head bent as he stepped in over the sill . . . and ah! what long, warm hours of the African nights to be eagerly snatched whenever it chanced that her husband was away! . . . She looked round the familiar place, so rich with memories of social life, and shuddered, wondering whether it would be very lonely when no one would visit her, and whether she would ever live it down, and what her husband would say. There was not enough circumstantial evidence for a divorce—he could prove nothing, but he would know in his heart. Perhaps he would let her go home. It would be so terrible to live on in the old surroundings, with that tragedy of doubt between them. The thought of him, when she allowed herself to think, was torture. He had given her all this—the luxury and the social position, and all the things for which she found life worth living, and she had flung it aside for the sake of a few mad hours. If Curly had not been so careless, the discovery need never have taken place, and her commonplace, middle-aged husband would not be in danger of learning that she had been like that Archduchess who—

Looked outside her wedding-ring
Upon a single man.

She was filled with momentary anger against Curly, and wished impotently that the blow could fall as heavily upon him as upon

(Continued overleaf.)

MUM'S THE WORD.



AUNTIE: Look, Bobbie, that's Rameses' mummy.
BOBBY: And what was her name, Auntie?

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.

her—a wish hopeless of fulfilment in the very nature of things. It was folly to go over and over the same subject—it was no use crying over spilt milk, as she had said. She set her teeth as she dressed and was driven away to the races, her carriage passing innumerable acquaintances on the road, until she marvelled dully that she knew so many people. It would make it all the worse when the story got about—there would be so many tongues to wag over her. She writhed inwardly as she bowed and smiled to the crowd in passing.

Carts and vehicles of all kinds were turning in to the racecourse at Kenilworth; half the suburbs were there, for the Turf Club Meetings attract more people together than any other form of entertainment in the neighbourhood. She stood alone for a minute in the enclosure under the Stand before anyone spoke to her, and her heart seemed to stop beating. Was it known already? Had the Colonel's wife passed her intentionally? Why had she come—it was insupportable! Then she saw that her own fear had tricked her. Two men raised their hats; another woman came and shook hands.

"How are you, Mrs. Crossley? Isn't your husband here? I thought he never missed the Turf Club Meetings?"

"He was detained in town—you know how it is with a man in business. He will be here presently." She was surprised to find herself speaking so naturally.

"Are you going to the Bolts' moonlight picnic on Friday? Most of the Ridingshire men will be there, I suppose—you know she always asks half the regiment for the sake of one!"

"Oh, of course. Are you cycling? I think I shall ride. Albert is always complaining that the horses want exercise." She shrank inwardly as she spoke. By Friday it would be known, and she would not be able to face all these people, whom she was accustomed to meet three times a week at least. She dared no longer make plans a day ahead.

Another woman spoke to her, and a man asked her to come and have tea. "Come to the Regimental Tent, Mrs. Crossley—don't go to the City Club, as you did last time," he said. "Been in the paddock yet?"

"No," she said, and allowed herself to drift with the crowd. Evidently it was not known yet—there might be an hour's respite, or possibly infinite mercy would give her the day. Then she remembered that Burney might come, and she knew that he held her name in his hand. Her eyes strayed amongst the crowd in the paddock for a glimpse of his face, and her heart beat with sickly fear at each new salutation. She had forgotten his possible presence. Towards the later afternoon she caught sight of a tall head she knew, and bowed to Curly as to a casual acquaintance, but she did not encourage him to come to her side, and they remained apart chatting to twenty other people. Yesterday this caution would have chafed her—she would have resented his talking to other women. To-day it seemed a little thing, lost in the greater importance of the horrible doom hanging over her. She chatted carelessly with the passing stream of her friends, and wondered which of them would be charitable and which would be most ready to condemn. The women who flaunted their lovers openly, in all probability; those who were not without this sin were always ready to cast the first stone. Mrs. Verney and Major Bowles—why, the affair was notorious! Yet they passed her in open conversation, and all the world winked at it. It was the law of Not Proven. She could have named half-a-dozen illicit love affairs among the men and women round her, but it was she alone who was to be denounced.

The afternoon dragged itself out in slow minutes of living torture, while she moved and spoke and behaved as usual. When her husband came he said she looked tired, and asked if she had had tea. The little common courtesy nearly broke down her self-control, and for one wild moment she looked into his face with a desire to tell him everything, and ask him to take her away, out of the nightmare of sunshine and laughter and pretence—the chifton that the station threw over the bones of its real skeleton life. She did not feel that she could bear much more. Thank God, the terrible day was drawing to an end!

"The last race is just over; I'll go and get my winnings—I made ten pounds, Kittie, and you can have half," her husband said carelessly. He generally put a sovereign or so on the races, and if he won they shared the luck. Glad I took that ten to one chance. Just wait here until I've seen the bookie, and we'll go. Our trap is outside."

As he crossed the enclosure, he met a face he knew. "Oh, Curly, go and look after my wife," he said hurriedly. "Get her her cloak, will you? She looks cold. And you might come back and dine—we can give you a lift."

The man he called his friend passed on with a light nod, and went up to his wife. "Are you cold, Kittie?" he said. "Shall I get your cloak?"

"No, thanks. I am tired. I only want to get home. Is Albert not ready?"

"He is arguing with a bookie. By the way, he has asked me to dinner—"

"You cannot come!"

"Why not?"

"Good God! With this revelation before us! And he may hear it at any time—before he leaves the paddock—if Burney—"

"Oh, I quite forgot to tell you, dear. It wasn't Burney last night. I heard this afternoon that he went up country to shoot yesterday. It must have been old Nullah, if it was anyone, and you know he's as blind as a bat, and deaf into the bargain. But probably it was only a Kaffir."

She stood staring at him steadily, with a strange curiosity in her face.

"How long have you known this?" she said.

"I heard it as soon as I got here."

"And you never told me! You let me go through this afternoon bearing all, and never thought to come and tell me! Was it so slight a thing to you?"

"No, by Jove! it would have been deuced awkward. But when I knew it was all right, you see, I forgot all about it—it went out of my head."

"And I?"

"You? I don't understand, dear."

"I went out of your head also, I suppose, as you never thought of me either. Thank you—I think I have learned something at least from this afternoon."

"What do you mean? Look here, Kittie, don't be a silly girl—I'm awfully relieved to think we're all right still, and no one knows—"

"No, thank God, no one knows!"

"Well, then, shall I come round to-night while he's asleep?"

"No."

"To-morrow, then? He dines with the Mess, I know. It's guest night, but I can warn off, and the Colonel isn't very particular."

"No."

"When, then? What do you mean, dear? When shall I come?"

"Never again—I mean it, Curly. The risk is too great—I couldn't go through what I suffered to-day, again. And besides—your indifference, the way you left me to bear it, and never told me!" She turned her eyes away to the perfect velvet line of the mountains across the racecourse, where the last golden bars of sunlight lingered in the distance, as if for some reason she did not want to look at him. "You don't understand, but I never wish you to come to me again."

"But on my honour, Kittie, I'm awfully sorry."

"I know you are. So am I. Only I have come to the end of it, that's all. Thank God it's not too late! Please go away, and—don't come to dinner."

He stood silent, looking at her, discomfited. She caught her breath with a little hysterical laugh, and leaned back against the fence as though she needed the support. The suddenness of her salvation and the reaction against this man, who had been briefly all in all to her, made her giddy. It did not seem to her unnatural to bring such a situation to an end at a moment's notice—she realised the finality of her own feeling so emphatically that it seemed the only thing to be done. By-and-by she might have time for shame, for remorse on her husband's account, for self-disgust and repugnance. At the moment, she was only conscious of her own great escape and the relief of flinging off everything connected with the misery of the afternoon. She looked up in the handsome, puzzled face gently, as if loth to hurt him. As she had said, Curly could not understand.

"Here comes Albert," she said. "Good-bye. I am going to tell him that you cannot come to dinner."

"But, my dear girl—"

"There isn't anything more to say. It has all come to an end quite naturally—only please understand that I mean it, and do not tease me with further arguments. Are you ready, Albert? Captain Kerr is very sorry, but it seems he has a former engagement—we must dine alone to-night."

Curly drew back and raised his hat. She saw him for an instant standing in a patch of sunlight with all his characteristics intensified, for the smile was still in his eyes to cover his discomfiture, and his dark, curly head was held very erect. Every inch of his splendid physical advantage was obvious—square shoulders and well-knit figure, and the gallant bearing that had first taken her fancy; but she looked at him in blank wonder as at a stranger. Was it for this, that did not touch her at all, that she had experienced the torture of a lifetime? She turned and walked out of the enclosure to her carriage at her husband's side, with a sudden sense of humiliation. Even had the discovery been made that she had so feared, it could never have scorched her as did her own realisation of the little elementary emotion which she had misnamed a great passion. The recognition of Curly's unimportance crushed her. . . .

"I am sorry Kerr could not come to dinner," said her husband. "But he's always so engaged. He's a very popular fellow is Curly."

"I don't think we wanted him," she answered slowly.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

IT was a decidedly curious coincidence the other day that while the Government were assuring the country that there is no danger of a native rising in East Africa, a cable was coming over

telling us that at a public meeting in Natal a resolution had been passed asking for the erection of a laager, to be used in case of a native upheaval. The colonists are chary about asking, without good cause, for anything of this sort. For there flourishes, in the form of a bushy mound with a summer-house on top, a memorial of the panicky days when the movements of a herd of cattle at night were as likely as not to suggest the march of an impi. On the high road from Durban there was great fear—not always without sufficient reason. The inhabitants turned out and built a laager of unexceptionable qualities. But the enemy never came, and the edifice was not pulled down. The blasé ones named it Fort Funk, so to this day it is

Clerke is dead, may be regarded as our only lady astronomer of real eminence. When about ten years old, Miss Margaret Murray, as she then was, went to work at astronomy systematically, and by the time she married Dr. Huggins she knew enough to be of the greatest assistance to him. They established themselves at Tulse Hill, then a mere lane in the midst of fields, and carried out the "new" astronomy, the principle of which was to investigate not only the motions of the heavenly bodies, but also what they are made of. Lady Huggins is indeed a many-sided woman, for she has managed to find time to cultivate music, painting, wood-carving, and botany, and she is devoted to her beautiful garden. She is a great judge of bric-à-brac, and possesses some wonderful examples of mediæval craftsmanship. She plays the piano, the organ, and the concertina.

A Lady Astronomer. Lady Huggins, now that Miss Agnes



WINNER OF A LEGHORN BEAUTY COMPETITION: Mlle. LETITIA MONTERENO.

The competition was for girls employed in the silk warehouses of Leghorn. The "Tribuna" affirms that Mlle. Montereno has already received over a hundred proposals of marriage.

called, and it makes the modern colonist shy about running up similar defences.

Grey Hairs Removed.

"Ah, your hair is whitening on the temples," said the attentive *coiffeur* to his fair *cliente* in the Paris quarter of Rochehouart. The lady had a fright; she was the fairest of fair Parisiennes; she was only twenty-seven, too—she had been that for the last ten years—much too young to have white hairs. And so she sighed her sorrow at the premature arrival of the signs of age. "Que faire?" "But, Madame, it is quite easy," said the artist in hair. "I have simply to rub on a little of this, and the grey-ness entirely disappears." "This" was contained in a bottle, and was warranted to put an auburn tint on the most completely blanched patches. The lady was charmed into acquiescence. The lotion was applied. Next morning the white hairs had entirely disappeared, but so had the others: the scalp was as bald as a pumpkin. The victim of this radical treatment sued the *coiffeur*, who has been fined a hundred francs—the price of a wig, we suppose.



PICTURE-POSTCARDS THAT MAY NOT BE SENT TO AMERICA: TINSELLED CARDS THE UNITED STATES WILL CONFISCATE.

The popular tinselled and jewelled postcards will be carried in America no longer, unless they are mailed in closed envelopes. The United States postal clerk objects to them. When the cancelling-machine has smashed the tinsel and broken the glass jewels that give them colour and effect, the result is a cloud of dust in the post office, and this has given rise to many complaints from clerks who fear to breathe the gritty atmosphere. Now the card is to be confiscated, unless sent, as we have said, under cover.



A POSTCARD "MONSTROSITY" BANNED BY AMERICA: A SIXTEEN-INCH CARD.

The United States postal authorities have decided to forbid the giant postcard; and the picture-postcard of to-day, if it is to be carried in America as an ordinary card, must not exceed the size of the ordinary card.

Photographs by the P.-F. Press Bureau.



THE ONLY WOMAN ASTRONOMER OF MUCH EMINENCE: LADY HUGGINS.

Lady Huggins, who was Miss Margaret Murray, began to study astronomy when she was ten. She is of the greatest assistance to her husband, and they have done much good work together in their observatory at Tulse Hill.—[Photo, Haines.]

Wealth to Win: The latest in "cures" is the successful application of a tar-poultice to a wound caused by the bite of a snake. There are snakes and snakes, and eke bites and bites, and one remedy is not effective for all. We hear a good deal of rewards on offer for the cure of diseases in Europe—prizes to be had for the mastery of consumption, cancer, and leprosy; but few people know, perhaps, that there are 100,000 rupees on offer to the man who can devise a specific against the bite of a cobra. This scientific age ought to produce the man capable of earning that reward, but we are as helpless in the matter as our forefathers were. The very fear of the effects of snake-bite will almost kill a man. The victim will cheerfully submit to the amputation of the limb which the reptile has bitten. One man, an officer, lying in bed with a hand dangling down, felt a sharp bite at one of his fingers. He

leapt from bed; seized a chisel, and made his valet hack off the injured digit. He lived to learn, upon an expert examination of the injured member, that the bite was that, not of the dreaded cobra, but of a quite innocuous rat.

KEY-NOTES

DURING holiday-time, music-lovers prefer to look forward, and find records of past concerts more or less unprofitable; but the two choral concerts which were the last of the important functions before Easter deserve mention. To begin with, it is a rare thing for London to have a chance of hearing two choral works of the importance of Brahms's "Requiem" and Bach's B-minor Mass on two successive days. The first was performed by the London Choral Society, under Mr. Fagge, the second by the Bach Choir, under Dr. Walford Davies. It would be too much to say that London could be proud of either performance; but, on the other hand, there was nothing to be ashamed of, and both choirs did far better than any of their previous achievements could have led one to hope. They have still to study beauty of tone and smartness of attack, the blue-blooded Bach Choir no less than the other. Both are beginning to realise that expression can be brought into choral singing, which is a great step in advance, and may ultimately lead to happy results. There were some very good moments in both performances; if the same level had been kept up throughout, the whole would have been very distinguished.

The London Choral Society also produced a choral setting by Mr. Dalhousie Young of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," which is comparatively simple and very agreeable, without showing any great originality; and there are, side by side with quite picturesque passages, places where the composer did not seem quite to know what to do with the ideas he had invented. (This happens to composers of all classes and countries far oftener than the layman would imagine.) The proceeds of this concert were devoted to the *Berlin Fund*.

The musical enterprise of Sheffield is a good proof of the wisdom of applying sound business principles to artistic endeavour. The "University Opera Week" in that town has attracted a good deal of attention, and is now to be succeeded, in the latter half of next month, by a week of opera by the Moody-Manners Company, the proceeds of which will be devoted to medical charities in Sheffield. There are those who think that the profits of musical celebrations should be devoted to a musical object; but the sad fact remains that if it were so, probably the audiences would be much smaller—so small that enterprise would languish, and hence it is as well not to complain for the sake of a theory, and to rejoice that such performances will be possible. The programme of the week will include "Aïda," "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Faust," "La Bohème," and "Madama Butterfly." The Sheffield Chorus will assist in several of the operas, which is a welcome sign of permanent local activity; and one is glad to hear that similar choruses exist in other towns, and give their help in the performance of operas from time to time. Sheffield is also

trying to establish two series of orchestral concerts. All this seems to disprove the usually accepted theory—first expounded by Sir Arthur Sullivan—that a Festival is apt to kill all other music in its immediate neighbourhood: the Sheffield Festival has certainly not proved a deadly upas tree.

The two new operas to be heard at Covent Garden this season have both the advantage of strong plots. In "Iris" the heroine is a young girl who is decoyed away by Kyoto, the keeper of a Geisha house, and Osaka, a rich young nobleman. She is induced by the two to witness a puppet-show, in which is represented the death of a young girl taken to Paradise by Jôr, the Sun God. At the end of the play three dancers dance round the unsuspecting girl and carry her off. She awakes in Kyoto's splendid house and thinks she is in Paradise—particularly when Osaka speaks to her in the voice which she remembers as having been that of Jôr in the play. But when she rejects Osaka's advances, he leaves her in anger to her fate; and when she realises the truth, she flings herself from a window. In the last act, her body is discovered in a waste piece of ground by rag-pickers, who fly in fear when they discover she is not quite dead. Her death is then represented allegorically, the Sun God (who had appeared in the Prologue) and the Three Egoisms which caused Iris' death appearing, and the whole ending with a sort of apotheosis. The libretto is by Signor Illica.

The book of "Loreley" is by Carlo D'Ormeville. The action takes place about A.D. 1500, on the banks of the Rhine. Walter, Lord of Oberwesel, is betrothed to Anna of Rehberg, but meets a solitary maiden by the river-bank, and they love each other. He reveals his secret to Hermann, who also loves Anna. Still, he bids him be true to his plighted word. Walter then tells Loreley that he must wed

Anna; then Loreley and Hermann meet, and both enter into a compact with the River God, from whom Loreley obtains a gift of fatal fascination, on condition that she shares his throne. She accepts the bargain, and at the end of the first act she reappears in the traditional garb of Loreley. Hermann tries in vain to warn Anna that Walter is faithless: the wedding proceeds, and just as the bridal pair are about to enter the church, Loreley appears on a rock by the Rhine and sings her song which lures Walter to her side. The third act begins with the obsequies of Anna. Walter, on hearing that she is dead, swoons, and, on waking, sees Loreley, who sings her song of love once more. She is about to embrace him, when menacing voices from the river-bed remind her of her promise to the Rhine God, and as she returns to the depths, Walter flings himself also into the river.

COMMON CHORD.



A PIANIST WHO IS WELL ON THE WAY TO WORLD-FAME: MR. RICHARD BUHLIG.

Mr. Buhlig was the soloist at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert the other day, and was exceedingly well received. He played the solo in Beethoven's E flat Concerto, known as the "Emperor."

Photograph by Histed.



AT MESSRS. THORNYCROFT'S—LUGGAGE-TRANSPORT BY AUTOMOBILE—LORD HERBERT SCOTT—STONE-THROWING AT CARS TO BE STOPPED—
THE AUTO-CYCLE TOURIST TROPHY RACE.

A GOOD many motorists took advantage of Messrs. Thornycroft's courteous invitation to view the Inter-University Boat-Race from their world-renowned yard at Chiswick. These, having enjoyed an excellent view of the race, found much to interest them in the numerous examples of internal-explosion engines a-building all up and down the huge establishment. From what was there seen, Messrs. Thornycroft and Co. must have a large batch of orders in hand for light and heavy oil motor-launch and barge equipment. The heavy-oil engines were more than ordinarily interesting to the amateur automobilist, by reason of the various departures from the designs with which he is most familiar. One engine that I noticed, the pistons of which were over a foot in diameter, was, I fancy, intended for the propulsion of a craft carrying its own suction oil plant.

With the touring season approaching, and the question of luggage-transport by automobile one which presents itself for consideration, I may be pardoned if I refer to the method adopted by some friends of mine who frequently tour by car on the Continent. It is not their habit to cumber their car with more or less unwieldy bags, but to order from such universal providers as Messrs. Gamage what, for lack of a better term, I may call pilgrim cases. Constructed of sheet fibre with reinforced angles, these cases are made of sizes to occupy all the available space on the running footboards on either side of the car. Now, as all know, the lower half of a pilgrim basket telescopes into the upper half, as do these cases, so that with the upper part two-thirds up they will contain quite an unsuspected amount of kit. They are secured to the foot-boards by straps, are in the best position for load, and are nicely out of the way.

Automobilism, on both the pleasure and commercial sides, claims recruits from all grades of society. As an instance of this, I might cite the case of Captain Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., who has resigned his commission in the Army and become a member of the board of Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited. It will be remembered that this gallant officer gained considerable distinction in the late South African War, first of all as A.D.C. to "Bobs," and afterwards with the Guards Mounted Infantry. He was mentioned in despatches and received the D.S.O. Before his South African experiences he served for two years on the staff in India, and two years on the staff in Malta. He has also travelled much in America, Mexico, and other parts.

The latent demoniac spirit which prompts and urges the genus boy to hurl stones and other things at the occupants of passing motor-cars can never be explained by him or for him. It is probably due to some obscure prompting inherited from his woad-tinted ancestors, who from the bosky depths of their oaken glades obeyed a primal instinct by heaving rocks at anything that was strange to them. But this ancestral impulse is so much out

of place upon the King's highway in the twentieth century that it has got to be stopped forthwith, and I therefore rejoice to learn that, none too early, the Motor Union is stepping into the breach. Indeed, the Union has already put itself into communication with the Chief Constables of the various counties and boroughs, and the local education authorities, in addition to prosecuting in several unpardonable cases. In conformity with the advice of a well-known Chief Constable, the Union has taken steps to secure the amendment of Section 33 of the Offences against the Person Act, 1861, in order that magistrates may have power to order boys from seven to thirteen years of age, if found guilty of stone-throwing on the highway, to be birched!

For right down hearty enthusiasm in the theory and practice of the sport and pastime he follows, give me first and always your youthful motor-cyclist. The interest shown by the automobilist in his car, its capabilities and performances, is lukewarm in comparison. Interest flags as our ways are made smooth before us, and the car-owner has become less keen as the vehicle he drives gives him less and less concern for its behaviour. Now, by reason of its general design, the constricted space into which it and its various concomitant organs must be packed, the average motor-cycle engine is by no means so certain and reliable in its action as the average internal-combustion motor which is fitted to a car. When the motor-cycle engine goes well, it goes very, very well; but when otherwise it is horrid. It requires much care and careful tending, and even then it is more feminine and uncertain in its moods than its bigger brother which pulls cars. Because it is prone to obscure vagaries, and responds at times to coaxing and assiduous attentions, it bites deep into the heart of the owner it plagues, until he swears by it

through thick and thin, and will hear no word against it. Consequently there is much joyful anticipation in the ranks of all good motor cyclists at the prospect of the International Autocycle Tourist

Trophy Race, which is to be contested in the Isle of Man, over a distance of 162 miles, one day in the week ending June 1. The entered auto-cycles will run on a fuel-allowance of one gallon of petroleum spirit to every ninety miles, such spirit having a specific gravity of .715 to .725 at 60 deg. Fahr. The description of the machines that may be entered is so drawn that motor-cycles complying with them are bona-fide touring-machines. For instance, they must be provided with two efficient brakes, a tool-bag, weighing with its contents not less than 5 lb., motor-cycle tyres

not less than 2 in. in transverse diameter, metal mud-guards, not less than 2½ in. wide, a touring motor-cycle saddle, and a petrol-tank of sufficient volume to contain two gallons of spirit. For engines of more than one cylinder, the capacity of any one cylinder must not exceed 500 centimetres' volume swept out by the piston per stroke.



STRENUOUS LIFE IN THE POST-OFFICE SERVICE:
SORTING LETTERS IN THE UNITED STATES POSTAL
AUTOMOBILE AT MILWAUKEE.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



THE REPUBLICAN MAIL; THE UNITED STATES POSTAL AUTOMOBILE AT MILWAUKEE.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

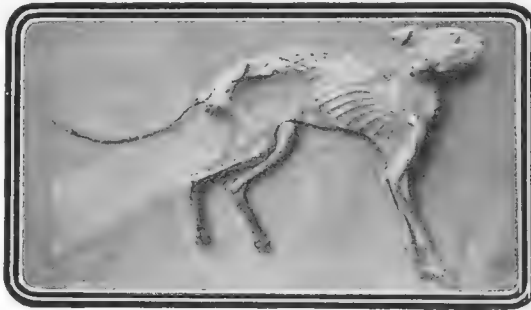
THE WORLD OF SPORT

HOLIDAY MEETINGS—FUTURE EVENTS—TOUTS.

THE knowing speculators generally give the Bank Holiday meetings a very wide berth, as book-form too seldom comes true at festive times. The bookmakers are divided between all the flat fixtures and the little Hunt meetings, and at no single gathering is there a reliable market. I am sorry to say that where the simple countrymen gather in their thousands to see a little leather-flapping there the welshers congregate in shoals, willing to offer extravagant prices against odds-on favourites; but if the good things come off the men with the bag are not to be found. The good old Yorkshire plan, "Thee watch the bookie, lad, while we watch the race," should be followed at the majority of the holiday fixtures; while it would be just as well, to complete the business, to locate the nearest duckpond before the race has been started. The punishment for welshing is now very severe, but sending a penniless layer to prison for eighteen months does not help the backer to get his money. Indeed, the latter has to attend the courts at great expense to himself, to say nothing of the inconvenience of the thing. The three-card-trick men and thimble-riggers have been found out for some time now, and the public know too much to patronise these tricks; but the plausible welsher, with his offer of two points over the odds, still thrives at the little Hunt meetings; but he could be stamped out if betting were allowed to take place only in the rings. And that reminds me, the ring-keepers should be supplied with cameras, so as to take snapshots of all the bad characters. Copies of these should then be distributed among all clerks-of-courses.

A very old friend of mine, who hails from the Devizes district of Wiltshire, very kindly tells me that I need not bother my head in trying to find anything to beat Slieve Galleon for the Derby. My friend says that Sam Darling is boldly confident this time, which means that the colt has a lot in hand of his likely competitors. We will leave it at that pro tem., but later on I may hear of something even good enough to beat the Beck-hampton best. Major Loder has a likely candidate for the Two Thousand Guineas in Baltinglass, who has improved wonderfully during the winter months. Of course Slieve Galleon may run at Newmarket, in which case it would be a battle royal between

this pair. Orwell is considered to be extra for the One Thousand and the Oaks. In the Chester Cup I am told Spate is real good business. The horse is now trained by William l'Anson, at Malton. Dean Swift is considered by some to have a big chance for the City and Suburban, and Great Scot is voted the pea for the Great Metropolitan; but should Mintagon and Ramrod run for the race Mr. Aparcar's horse would have something to beat. The course at Epsom is in capital order; indeed, I never saw it looking better. Mr. Darling prides himself on his paying meadow, and he does not hesitate to spend money judiciously on the race-track. Epsom Spring will be a most successful meeting.



MASCOT-IN-ORDINARY TO MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.
A MUMMIFIED CAT FOUND DURING THE BUILDING
OF THE HICKS' THEATRE.

The cat was evidently chasing a rat when death overtook it—the body of a rat was found, indeed, immediately in front of that of its natural enemy. The rat crumbled to dust when it was picked up. Not so the cat, and this Mr. Hicks is treasuring as a mascot.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

useful boy to any trainer. He did not say that the boy was dumb. Referring to touts, it is, I think a pity that owners allow their trainers to make so much mystery concerning the horses that are about to

run at meetings; and as I have said before, I, for one, shall not cease to agitate until a law has been passed by the Jockey Club compelling all owners to declare the runners overnight. If we pay to go to a theatre, we are told beforehand who the performers will be; but in racing it is different, and many a backer has paid a big railway-fare and a heavy ring-fee for the express purpose of seeing a horse perform, only to find that the animal in question is not going. Lord Cadogan, many years ago, suggested that, directly a horse had been entered

in a selling-race, he should be liable to be claimed before the race by the executive—of course, at the claiming price. I believe this plan would be a great help to racing, and it would confine selling-races to selling-platers.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE VALLEY OF BONES: A BUFFALO CEMETERY IN CANADA.

Our photograph shows what are believed to be the remains of Chief Pound-maker's last big corral, where a great herd of buffalo must have been slaughtered by the Indians. The only large herd of buffalo now in the Dominion is in the Canadian National Park at Banff.

It consists of some sixty head, and a vigorous effort is being made to prevent the species from becoming extinct in Canada.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Activity of Queens.

"I should be glad," says Mr. Max Beerbohm, in a certain famous essay, "if more people would seriously examine the condition of royalty, with a view to ameliorating the royal lot." But when the essayist lamented the hard life of Princes whose fate it inevitably is to "step on a crimson drugget from the cradle to the mausoleum," he forgot that they are usually, for some mysterious reason, exempt from the smaller ills and wearinesses of less exalted humanity. Indeed, when Kings and Empresses are announced in the morning papers as indisposed, we may safely order our Court mourning, for they are probably dead. If a monarch is not at the Opera or a State banquet, his subjects may prepare for a change of ruler. Were I a Queen (which Heaven forbid!), I should like to retire occasionally to my parlour and there consume, in privacy, pots of honey; whereas Queens, in reality, do no such thing. They are devoured by a passion for movement, a desire to see sights and witness shows. Their activity, their immunity from fatigue, is little short of amazing. Neither physical nor mental exhaustion follows their prodigious doings. An Empress—already a grandmother—comes to London,

and in one short day she visits exhaustively the Tate Gallery, the Tower of London, attends a children's party (assuredly the most tiring of all forms of sociability), and after dinner goes to the theatre. Any one of these festivities would have tired out an ordinary grandmother and sent her to bed with a headache, but not so the scion of a royal house. I am beginning to think that Mr. Max Beerbohm's sympathies are misplaced.

Came Over with the Germans.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, who pretends to be convinced of the decadence of England, airily recommends that we should accept the idea of a German invasion with equanimity, if not with thankfulness.

other William from Normandy. Assuredly the Hohenzollerns would rule as energetically as the Plantagenets. We should, I suppose, have duels instead of libel actions, mugs of beer instead of cups of tea, and ladies who knit and cook instead of mixing themselves up with politics, the Higher Drama, and the Suffrage movement. We should have early dinner, cheap theatres, realistic novels, and pictures and houses more strange and wonderful than the mind of the untravelled Briton can conceive. There is only one drawback to this rosy Teutonic dream for the regeneration of the British Islands, and that is that directly a German sets foot on the white cliffs of Albion he becomes at once and irretrievably British. There is no nationality which so quickly becomes Anglicised as the German, no such loyal and patriotic subjects of King Edward as the sons of German settlers. Hence, even if we acquiesced in a Teutonic invasion in force, we should speedily conquer our conquerors. We should find that Franz would take at once to cricket and musical comedy, while Lise would throw aside her knitting and her cook-books, and join the ranks of the hockey-players and the militant Suffragists. Leisure to play and liberty to protest are curiously intoxicating, not to say contagious, things.

Confucius on Women's Rights.

The somewhat mystic gentleman in China who was known as Confucius had decidedly retrograde opinions about women's rights. Like most Orientals, he scented a danger in the feminine half of humanity, and was resolved to keep it in its proper place. Its proper place all over the East is the harem or the zenana, and on this point the great religious philosopher would have no trifling. "Man is the Representative of Heaven," he declares, "and is supreme authority over all things. Woman yields obedience to the institutions of man, and helps him to carry out his principles. On this account she can determine nothing for herself." So far, the great Chinaman is curiously in agreement with many European wisacres. But he goes on to ordain that "No instructions or orders must issue from the harem. Woman's business is simply the preparation and supplying of wine and food. She may take no step of her own motion, and may come to no conclusion in her own mind." The italics are mine, but surely this interference in the psychology of the brain is going a bit too far, even for an Oriental philosopher. The only result of such a system is that when a Chinese woman does possess high intelligence, she uses it, like the present Empress, in an autocratic manner. Let us hope that there are numbers of hen-pecked Mandarins and proud wearers of the peacock feather who at home go in fear and awe of their lawful wives.



A FASCINATING AND FASHIONABLE COAT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see "The Woman-about-Town" page.)



A CHARMING FROCK FOR A GIRL AT PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD STREET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see "The Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

A FEATURE is being made of smart cloaks with loose sleeves for the coming season. They are to be worn for motoring from place to place in town, and for runs to Ranelagh, Roehampton, and Hurlingham, for polo-matches. A favourite material is thick tussore silk of the new coarse make, and a useful colour is that known as tussore, the natural shade of the silk. The sleeves are cut in one with the cloak, which is about three-quarter length. A very pretty example in coarse, heavy silk of this kind is finished with wide bands over the shoulders, stitched with brown silk. Above the waist they almost meet, the lower edge of stitching leaving off and the band falling into the fullness of the back, from beneath two medallions of brown gimp. The upper stitching is continued, hood-shaped. From it strappings of silk are carried towards the edge—there is no collar; these cloaks are cut low at the neck—and under the straps is a scarf of soft brown silk, terminating with a long fringed tassel. These cloaks are up-to-date versions of the burnous once very fashionable in England, and adapted from the characteristic drapery of our friend the Arab. Not exclusively for motoring will they be worn. There is a grace about them and a kindness to the figure that recommend them for all out-of-door wear in this our transition time of year. For walking they are light and elegant.

Very short coats are in again. Those cut about an inch below the waist and semi-fitting prove unbecoming to any women save those of slenderest and hipless build. Consequently, the style is not catching on as it was thought that it would. They are made either to the waist at the back, and almost quite tight there, and loose in front, or else are frankly bolero shape. Time is coming when coats will be cast aside, and then it will be seen that the lines of bodices will be fichu-wise, rather than in bolero form. All the new models have folds of the material of which the skirt is made over the shoulders, and drooping draperies to match over the tops of the arms. In many cases the skirt material is continued in long ends down the back, inserted in a light net or chiffon veiling. Although the blouse is a blessing that we can never be without, a certain close relationship between skirt and bodice for dressy dresses is considered inevitable this year. Sleeves are of lace, lawn, embroidery, chiffon—anything dainty and pretty with which the dress is trimmed, and the sloping shoulder drapery is never omitted. It is an important hall-mark of the present year in the annals of fashion.

To be good-naturedly regarded as a person greatly to be envied is always a pleasant experience. The acquaintances and friends of a woman who possesses jewelled ornaments in many styles always speak of her as especially lucky. The next best thing to having jewels in great and bewildering variety is to wear them in forms according with the fashion of the hour. As Empire period is the basis of most of the modes for the coming season, a beautifully set necklet of diamonds in a singularly effective design of that time, which is illustrated on this page, will find favour with those who love graceful and becoming ornaments. It is by the Parisian Diamond Company, ever in the van of fashion as regards their beautiful jewellery. It is found that a band of velvet round a white throat is a vastly becoming thing. Also it makes a wonderfully effective background for jewels. So the Parisian Diamond Company have arranged this Empire necklet that it may be worn over velvet or without it. White ribbon velvet is often used with such an ornament, as well as black, the effect in either case being very becoming to the wearer, and the background for the jewels soft. Silver tissue, tulle, or tissue shot with the colour of the gown can also be run through the graceful festooned design in diamonds.

It is not a pleasant experience to be told, on consulting a skin specialist, that the reason for having to do so is want of cleanliness.

A woman I know has recently suffered this indignity from a dear and long-trusted middle-aged doctor, who told her he was telling her the truth at the risk of losing her as a patient. She had used powders and unguents in the hope of smoothing a very ruffled countenance. The result was to make bad worse, so she went for advice to one who had helped her before. In answer to his question as to how often she washed her face, she was obliged to say that she never really washed it with soap. She polished it with chamois leather and anointed it with oil, and rubbed that gently but firmly off. Soap, she said, made her skin awful. The great man smiled and said—"Soap's just y'r skin's salvation, but it must be the right kind, and ye must lather it on with y'r own hands, and lave it off again with y'r own hands, in plenty of tepid water, every night before ye go to y'r bed. An' when ye get up,

lave y'r face wi' plenty of cold water for from two to five minutes—and it's Erasmic soap ye'll use, mind, and no other. Ye'll get a lather with that which is soft and silky, and it's pure, and it's no dear either, so ye'll just be thankful to me for sending ye for it." So spoke the most experienced Scot, and off my friend and I trotted to 117, Oxford Street and bought soap. We found the words of wisdom to be true, and her ruffled skin is becoming quite smooth and fine. She uses her chamois for drying her face thoroughly; the doctor told her it was better than a rough towel, and she is, I may tell you, a reformed character as regards cleansing her countenance. Otherwise there was no room for reform. I know hundreds of women who have given up a daily wash of their faces because soap has had such a bad effect on them. My friend hopes, and so do I, that they will all read this and try Erasmic.

Miss Constance Collier wears some beautiful dresses in "The Red Lamp." One for the evening, of cloth-of-gold veiled with net embroidered all over with pendent oval-shaped iridescent sequins and finished with a thick fringe of these at the hem, longer fringes forming the sleeves to above the elbow, is really beautiful. There is a gold waistband studded with large emeralds.



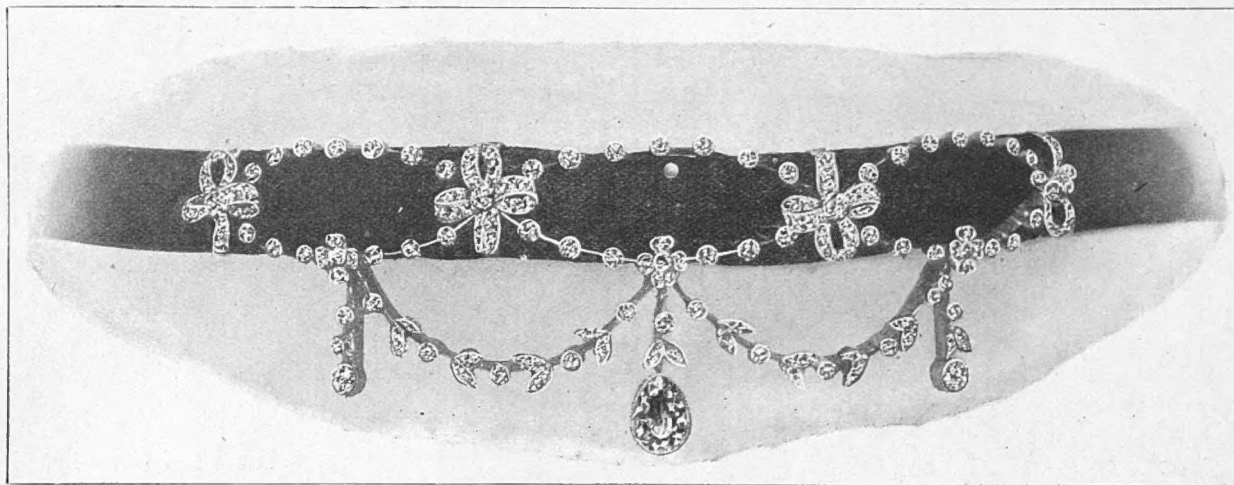
A CAPITAL PRESENT: ERASMIC
HERB PERFUME.

The Czar is on the left-hand side of the photograph on "After Dinner" page; the Prince of Wales on the right. The heads were transposed in *The Sketch* office, and are on the wrong bodies.

Cigarette-smokers should test the virtues of the "Ariston" brand of cigarettes, manufactured by Messrs. Muratti from pure Dubec tobacco. The brand can be obtained from all tobacconists.

Holiday-makers are reminded that the popular casino at Boulogne-sur-Mer will be open from to-morrow (March 28) until April 2, both dates being included. Special attractions are offered—varieties,

petits chevaux, club privé, etc. There are cheap fares from London by fast mail trains, with a rapid Channel crossing by luxurious South-Eastern and Chatham Railway turbine steamers.



AN EMPIRE NECKLET ON A VELVET BAND, SEEN AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

The good housewife should certainly visit Messrs. Waring's famous establishment in Oxford Street without delay. There is to be seen there an exceptionally excellent stock of new wall-papers, cretonnes, curtains, chintzes, and tapestries. Lace and net curtains range in price from three shillings and elevenpence to six or seven guineas a pair; many new blinds are on sale at all prices; the carpet department has some entirely new bordered carpets and many of the famous Kymera rugs.

At the New Zealand International Exhibition, which has attracted many thousands from all parts of the world to Christchurch, the Ardath Tobacco Company have been granted special awards and gold medals for the following: State Express Virginian Cigarettes, Ardath Smoking Mixture, "Quo Vadis" Turkish Cigarettes, and Ardath Cabinet Cigars. The achievement says much for the company's goods.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 9.

THE AMERICAN TANGLE.

WRITING in advance of the pay-day it is naturally impossible to forecast what is going to happen on what the Stock Exchange devoutly hopes will prove the most trying settlement in the year; that is to say, it is trusted that none of the succeeding months will produce a position anything like so bad as the American tangle has worked the Stock Exchange into this time. Amid the various alarms and fears which have been created, it may be noted that moneyed people have bought a good deal of stock even in the most speculative varieties, and there will be a big take up this time of Canadian Pacifics, Unions, Steels, and some of the other counters on behalf of the speculative investors. The incidence of the End-March money requirements acts as a further disturbing influence, but it is our opinion that if the present settlement should be surmounted without the disclosure of serious difficulty, there will be a sharp rebound after the Easter holidays.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Not such a fool," declared The Jobber. "Even if I could afford to be, which I can't, I wouldn't."

"What on earth—!" The Engineer had just got into the compartment.

"It's all right," explained The Solicitor. "I merely asked him if he were going away for Easter."

"Oh, I see! Well, there is not much catch in going away at Eastertide, so far as I can see."

"Best to stay at home, prune the rose-trees, and study any mortal thing except figures."

"Or facts," added The City Editor.

The Jobber retorted acidly, but nobody took any notice.

"The public don't buy Home Rails," and The Engineer looked triumphant.

"Why should they, my dear chap? Why take an uncertain 4½ per cent. at home if you can get a sound 5 per cent. investment in something abroad?"

"For example?"

The Broker cited Japan 4½ per cent. bonds, with their special security, at 92½.

The Merchant pointed out that Argentine Railway Ordinary stocks still paid between 5 and 6 per cent.

Even The City Editor admitted that Mexican Railway Preferences were healthy speculative investments.

"Tintos still yield 5½ per cent. on the money," added The Broker.

"And here you have these various useful investments, paying good rates, and you ask why Home Rails are not bought by the public! Can't you see that the Railway Companies at home have a far narrower scope for expansion in profits than those of countries where trade is developing?"

"Well," said The Engineer, shifting his ground, "why don't the public buy shares in companies like Armstrongs or Vickers, Liptons or Bovril, electric-lighting shares, and suchlike Home industries?"

"Why don't they? They do it, man. Mind you, I'm no special pleader for the Government or anybody else, but—"

"Go on."

"I mean, there is a sort of public fear lest legislation should give Labour too much at the expense of Capital, and this works to some extent in making the public a bit chary of certain Home Industrials. But a pot of money is locked up in trade, because trade's good—don't forget that."

"They tell me to buy Cement Preference," observed The Broker.

"There's a Home industry for you, to start with."

"Much over-capitalised concern," objected The City Editor.

"There you are! Take almost any Home company you like to name, and you will be able to bring some argument or other against investment in the shares."

"It's just the same with everything else, surely?"

"Of course it is. But for the time being, everyone cries 'stinking fish' at Home concerns and says 'How bee-youtiful!' to investments outside the country."

"Where is all this talk leading us?" The Solicitor wanted to know.

"To Socialism, ultimately," responded The Merchant.

"Not a bit. When trade slacks off and allows money to become cheaper, all investment stocks will, of course, improve; and then you will have to get some other tune to sing your dismal songs to."

"We shall all be starved to death in the meantime," complained The Engineer, "unless we emigrate to Canada."

"Excellent idea," interposed The City Editor. "The Salvation Army will take you from London, plant you down to guaranteed work on a railway—"

"Trunk Guaranteed?"

"On a railway, or somewhere else, and do the whole thing for eight pounds ten. Now's your chance to be a man."

"Better be a steam-engine if you can. It would pay better."

"Now you're fooling. I never knew," declaimed The Jobber, "in the course of a long experience of idiots, such a set of arrant—"

"Are you *sure* you're not a poached egg, and want to sit down?" asked The Merchant blandly.

There was a shout of merriment, in which the victim could not resist joining.

"We shall be told to buy Kaffirs before long," said The City Editor.

The Solicitor deprecated the idea, on the ground that there is no public interest taken in them.

"Plenty of interest, but it's of a melancholy, negative sort. Clients want to get out," The Broker stated.

"They would change their minds as soon as ever a revival started."

"We've heard the same tale dozens of times before. And when the big houses begin a rise, what happens?"

"Other big houses sell bears, and the public, after buying a few shares, get frightened, and lose more money."

"That's about it," agreed The Broker. "All the same, I must admit having a kind of childish faith in the market even yet. The industry is doing well and the country is settling down."

"To put away, are any Kaffirs worth having, Brokie?"

"Rand Mines and East Rands always 'go' in a revival. And Gold Fields follow them."

"Same old tale, as I said before. It's always 'Waltz me round once again, Willie.'"

The Broker laughed. "Then you were at our Stock Exchange smoker last week?"

"No," said The Engineer. "But I heard her sing it somewhere else."

"The Stock Exchange is enough to make anybody giddy, without waltzing," said The Jobber, rising to depart. "But if we get over the End-March account without failures, by Jove! 'you should see us dance the polka!'"

THREE PROMISING INDUSTRIALS.

There can be little doubt that the principal cause of the depression now prevailing on the Stock Exchange is nothing else than the activity of trade; not only in this country, but also abroad and in America. The direct result of this activity of trade is the scarcity of money from which all the Money Markets of the world are suffering. If it were not for this, it would be impossible to explain the general fall in prices taking place without any justification in a fall of profits. I give below three instances of industrial concerns in very different fields of activity, all of which show rapidly expanding profits; and I believe that any one, or all three, of them may be bought at present prices with a good chance of an improvement in value.

(1) *Paquin, Limited*, was formed just ten years ago with a capital of £500,000, half in Preference and half in Ordinary shares of £1 each. For the first seven years the latter received 10 per cent. per annum; then the distribution rose to 14, 16, and for 1906 to 18 per cent. Besides paying this satisfactory dividend last year, £50,000 was applied to writing down goodwill, £5,000 was set aside for increasing the premises in Dover Street, and £7500 was placed to Reserve, which now amounts to £96,000. At the recent meeting Mr. John Barker, M.P., the chairman, was optimistic as to the Company's prospects, and it seems likely that, while continuing the wise policy of writing down the goodwill, the Directors may be enabled, in the near future, to pay an even larger dividend.

(2) *Consolidated Signal Company's* shares, which may be purchased now for about 38s., I should not be surprised to see considerably higher. This is a highly successful combination of firms, and the subjoined figures tell their own tale.

Proportion of net profits belonging to the Consolidated Signal Company for year ending October 1902					
"	"	"	"	"	£22,878
"	"	"	"	"	32,664
"	"	"	"	"	23,107
"	"	"	"	"	56,726
"	"	"	"	"	70,492

The capital of the Company is £150,000 in £1 Ordinary shares, and a similar amount of Preference. 12½ per cent. was paid on the Ordinary in 1906, and I have it on good authority that a larger dividend may be confidently expected for the current year, and that the Company is doing an extremely good business.

(3) The *Eadie Manufacturing Company* is now in course of amalgamation with the well-known Birmingham Small Arms Company. The Company's progress is shown by the following record of the dividends paid: 1902, 5 per cent.; 1903, 6 per cent.; 1904, 12½ per cent.; 1905, 20 per cent.; 1906, 25 per cent. Only half the profit actually earned was required to pay the dividend of 25 per cent. The reserve fund now stands at £67,000, equal to the item of goodwill in the balance-sheet. I hear from Birmingham that large additions are being made to the works to meet the increasing demand for the Company's manufactures, and this, with the economies effected by the amalgamation, is likely to lead to a larger dividend.

Friday, March 22, 1907.

Q.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

PATT.—We distrust the bona-fides of the people you name. Our opinion is that they merely want to get you into their clutches and then play about with your money. When people gratuitously offer advice always distrust them. There is sense in not having all eggs in one basket; but the arbitrary distribution these people suggest is childish.

THE REV. J. G.—Your letter was fully answered on the 20th inst.

EMILY.—River Plate Gas shares or Foreign, American, and General Trust Deferred would suit you.

NOVEMBER.—We have been unable to get a price at which your shares can be sold.

J. M.—The worst thing we know about your suggestions is that they are all bucket-shop tips. You had better let them alone.

NOTE.—In consequence of having to go to press early this week and next on account of the Easter holidays, we must ask the indulgence of our correspondents.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

For the Queen's Prize at Kempton on Monday I fancy Radium, and Portland Bay should win the Richmond Handicap, Ambitious the Easter Monday Welter, and Absurdity the Rothschild Welter. The following should go close at Manchester: Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase, John M.P.; Jubilee Hurdle Race, Whitechapel; Spring Hurdle, Mr. Whistler; Cheetham Hurdle, Sabot; Easter Steeplechase, St. Benet; Maiden Hurdle, Le Roy II. I fancy Wise Lad for the Spring Handicap at Birmingham, and Cackler ought to win the Great Staffordshire Steeplechase at Wolverhampton. I can only suggest that Minos, who was interfered with in the Lincoln Handicap, has a great chance for the Nottingham Handicap.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*Twixt Sword and Glove.*" By Archibald Clavering Gunter. (Ward, Lock.)—"Daniel Quayne." By J. S. Fletcher. (John Murray).—"Poison Island." By "Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch). (Smith, Elder.)—"The Country House." By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.)

"MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK" ran into several editions of many thousands: it is difficult to believe that "*Twixt Sword and Glove*" will perform the same feat. Even in these days, when it is customary to ignore style and pander only to what is commonly termed dramatic effect, it is remarkable for slovenly writing. One is loth—being squeamishly conscious of the hackneyed "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—to criticise it too harshly, but it is impossible to pass by the lack of care expended on the writing of it. It is the work of an author in a hurry—an obvious, irritating, unredeemed hurry. It may be that it will have a vogue, so extraordinary is public taste on occasion; if it does, it will be by reason of its subject-matter, not by the manner in which that matter is presented. Broadly speaking, it is a poor example of "The Three Musketeers" style of romance. Bertram, Comte de Conflans, of the Mousquetaires Gris, is the D'Artagnan; Elena, rightfully Princess d'Esté, "true heiress of the Duchy of Modena," is his lady-love; Beatrice di Oresco, "a dark-eyed woman of magnificent appearance," is the light-o'-love; Muley Abas, maker of poisoned coffee and of plots, is villain-in-chief. The Princess is bequeathed to the soldier, and there is a plan to set her on the boards of the Académie de Musique, that she may forfeit her rank by becoming one of the "actresses and other courtesans" of the old edict. The soldier opens the locket given him by the dying Francesco Perugia—"a fair young face is gazing at him with those wild, imploring eyes that gain men's hearts more than unappealing beauty. A pair of cut-cherry lips appear to smile roguishly at him. Peach-like cheeks seem to blush at the ardour of his gaze. The girl is about eighteen or nineteen, and is robed for portrait in picturesque abandon, the light laces floating away from rounded shoulders and dazzling arms." The rest can be imagined.

"Daniel Quayne" is as excellent as Mr. Gunter's work is indifferent. Mr. Fletcher is a master of his art, and his latest book is worthy of his skill. It is a morality. Daniel Quayne, the stolid,

simple farm-hand, loves a natural, cunning coquette. She deceives him, and he kills—

The Chief Constable touched Daniel on the shoulder. Daniel looked at him out of dull eyes.

"Aye, I did it!" he said. "I did it, right enough!"

He was only an elementary creature—a simple-hearted pagan, and he had followed his first brute instinct. No man had ever taught him that forgiveness is sweeter than revenge, and that vengeance is the jealously preserved prerogative of the Eternal.

Nothing could be better than Mr. Fletcher's handling of his theme, nothing more sure than his characterisation. The interest is early begun, and is held without faltering; the effects are gained naturally, without bluster of word or thought. The book is true tragedy.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is at his best when he is most fantastic, and he is exceedingly fantastic in "*Poison Island.*" The result is one of the most fascinating yarns of hidden treasure that I know. Had the original Peter Pan read it, it would have strengthened him in his determination not to grow up. Older Peter Pans—and, fortunately, there are many—will certainly hug it to their breasts. To read it is to be a boy, to revel in thoughts of pirates and wonderful charts, to feel the thrill of horror, the joy of laughter, that the years are wont to lessen or to kill. It is a dream materialised, perhaps a medley of dreams. Yet it is all very real. One feels that it might well have been, and wishes that it might still be. What would not one give to join that strange party of adventurers—the lad Harry Brooks, the duty-loving Captain Branscome, the hearty Mr. Rogers, the eccentric, manly Miss Belcher, Mr. Goodfellow, the carpenter, and the charming Miss "Plinny," of the wonderful verse—

Our hearts with poetic affluence
Took wing and impulsively soared,
As the lead-line (a quaint apparatus)
Reported the depth overboard—

to have known the bibulous Reverend Philip Stimcoe and his heroic, masterful wife, the gentle Major Brooks, the villainous Aaron Glass, the Cap'en Hook of a sea-dog, Captain Coffin, the humorist-murderer Dr. Beauregard.

I find that I have left myself little of my little space for Mr. John Galsworthy's "*The Country House.*" Really, it does not matter. The best thing possible is to advise everyone to read it: that, and nothing more. To describe the plot were futile, were but to lessen in some degree the enjoyment that will come from following it. Suffice it that the story shows wit, insight, and knowledge in exceptional degree, that it is exceedingly well written, and that it presents a series of characters that live.

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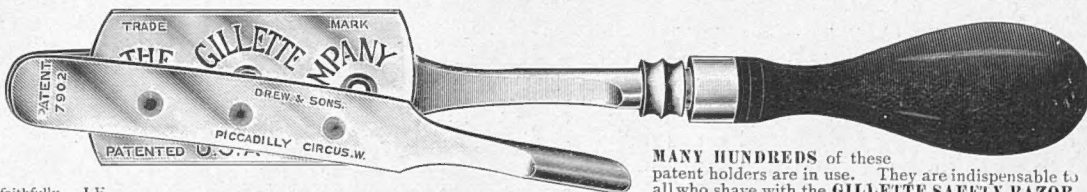
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A Gentleman writes from South Wales:—
To Messrs. Drew & Sons,
Piccadilly Circus, London.

Feb. 25th, '07.
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